

ANOTHER FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS

A. B. HARLEY

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EDINBURGH AND LONDON: OLIVER AND BOYD

ANOTHER FIVE-MINUTE
RECITATIONS

FIRST EDITION	1919
SECOND EDITION	1922



Sincerely Yours

A B Harley

ANOTHER FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS

Specially Selected and Edited by

A. B. HARLEY, EDINBURGH

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, EDINBURGH AND LONDON

FOURTH THOUSAND

OLIVER AND BOYD

EDINBURGH: TWEEDDALE COURT

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PREFACE

READERS who have made such an extensive demand for my two previous volumes, "Story Recitals" and "Five-Minute Recitations," have been so insistent in their demands for more, that I have not been able to resist the temptation to compile a third selection, which I commend to my readers as having passed the final test of success—public recitation.

They have been included in this volume because they possess the three essential qualities of popularity—commendable brevity, the "gripping" quality demanded by a general audience, and the dramatic forthrightness which makes the broadest human appeal.

I have deemed it wiser to exclude all pieces dealing strictly with War Incidents.

A. B. HARLEY.

15 LEOPOLD PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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A. B. H.

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Another Five-Minute Recitations

I. Poetical—Serious and Dramatic

THE "INJUN"

You will curse the cold when you're seeking gold
When the blizzard's holding forth.
You will sell your soul for the whiskey bowl—
Up there in the frozen North.
Say! You want a tale of the Northern Trail?
Where primitive laws are might.
There's a boy and a gal whom this befell,
There's a couple of hounds who've gone to dwell—
If the coyottes have left their souls—in Hell,
And an "Injun" whose heart was white.

Highball Ben raised a drinking den
But his daughter, she ran the show;
I never heard tell of a purtier gal—
I guess there ain't many just so.
But he treated her like a brutal cur,
To the lowermost depths he'd sunk;
His heart was as clean as a foul machine,
And his soul was the soul of a skunk.

Bet your shirt where there's drink and "dirt"
That an "Injun" ain't very far,
And we had a rat of a lean Chilcat
Who went by the name of "Lone Star."

He'd a walked him lame for a drop of "Flame"
 But he'd never have turned on a pal,
 And I reckon a part of his cunning heart
 Was softened for old Ben's gal.

When great Bud Lee was making free—
 He'd cleaned out his pile of dust—
 In a drunken spell he seized the belle,
 At his kiss she screamed disgust.
 Then I heard a crash and saw the flash
 Of a knife in the Chilcat's grip.
 And down went Bud with an echoing thud,
 With the grey of his pants died red with blood
 And a half-foot of steel thro' his hip.

The yells in the bar to lynch "Lone Star"
 Made him shrink in the corner cowed.
 They'd have strung him high but the "tinhorn" boy
 Pulled his guns on the maddened crowd.
 Bud, carried away, swore the "red" should pay
 Ere another day's sun had set.
 But two months passed and we reckoned at last
 That Bud had forgotten his threat.

It chanced one day that Ben got "gay"—
 He was plying his whip like a brute.
 The gal, it was plain, was faint with the pain,
 When in strolls the tenderfoot.
 With a face dead white he took in the sight,
 Then he turned round and closed the door;
 For a second he gazed like a man near crazed,
 Then he knocked the cur down on the floor.

Ben lay there like a maddened bear
 Then he got on his feet and cursed.
 He tried to grip the gun at his hip
 But the boy got his toy out first.

" This country's free, I reckon," says he,
Tho' I ain't learnt its ways right thro',
But get this well, you struck that gal,
And as sure as you'll end your days in Hell,
I'm doing the same to you."

He reached for the whip but chanced to slip,
And the old man snatched at the gun,
Then the boy got his fist round the bully's wrist—
For a minute or two there was fun.
It was sheer brute strength that would win at length
And both panted loud with the strain.
Then Ben pulled hard, the shot missed by a yard
And scattered the window pane.

Now as far as the track outside the shack
The " Injun " had trailed the boy.
As he stood by the door from behind the store
Came Bud with revenge in his eye.
The redskin's look would have filled a book
As he drew out his knife from its sheath,
And he didn't shun the threatening gun,
He only just showed his teeth.

Bud let fly but the shot went high
And the " Injun " sprang in tooth and nail
To drive his dart thro' the drunkard's heart,
And Bud hit the boneyard trail,
While the random bead, as the fates decreed,
Crashed right thro' into the den.
Tho' the crack of each gun rang out as one,
The course of the lives of two hounds were run—
Bud's shot drilled a hole thro' old Ben.

Ben raised his hand, for he couldn't stand,
And the shooter falls yards away,
And he drops in a heap for his long, last sleep,
While the boy looks on in dismay.

He still stood there with a stricken stare
 When the Sheriff arrives at a run,
 Who takes in the scene with a smile serene
 And he picks up the youngster's gun.

"This is yours, I guess? It's a shot the less,
 It's about closed Ben's affairs.
 Waal—you ain't to blame, but there's rules to the
 game
 So you'd better get slick with your prayers."
 Then the door crashed back and into the shack
 Walks the "Injun," as calm as could be.
 He gives a glide to the Sheriff's side,
 And he passed him the gun of Bud Lee.

"That kill old Ben!" he gazed at the men
 From thence to the broken pane.
 Sheriff looked at him, and his face was grim,
 Then he looked at the gun again.
 "Waal, I'm glad that's through—and it's luck for
 you;
 Boys, pass that rope round here.
 This guy, I guess, in a minute or less
 Will give us a show that's a sure success,
 A dance on the atmosphere."

They bound him fast and he grinned till the last—
 That's the creed of the infidel.
 He had told a lie and the boy wouldn't die,
 So he saved him to please the gal.
 And he went to his fate in the happy state
 Of a man who's done what's right.
 So I'll always vow when the most is said,
 Tho' a tyke of an "Injun's" crafty bred,
 Tho' his soul and his hide are a dirty red,
 There's a part of his heart that's white.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

"THE FISHERMAN"

"WHAT hast thou brought from the sea, my man,
Out of the fog and the foam and the night?"

"I have brought thee millet for thy dish,
And dainty mackerel silver white."

"Why art thou dazed with a look of dream,
Lit with a wondering light of the eyes?"

"I have seen the darkling paths of the deep
And the ripple touched by the pale moonrise."

"What hast thou seen that is new and strange,
What hast thou heard that thou listenest yet?"

"I have seen the light at my masthead gleam,
I have heard the waters that stirred my net."

"Something more thou hast seen and heard,
Something more in the moonbeam white."

"Her hair like a seaweed darkened round,
But the eyes that shone were wells of light."

"What was it came to the rocking boat?
Who was it bent to thy seeking clasp?"

"She was fair as the dream that I followed once,
She was false as the foam when I strove to grasp."

"O husband, look in mine eyes and say—
Has she made you hers—or you still are mine?"

"I can only see her snowy breast
And the tangling hair and the eyes that shine!"

"Come from the chilling air of dawn,
Come to the table and take thy meat."

"Her breath is upon me as I walk—
Her breath is the taste of all I eat."

“Come, and the parson shall set thee right—
 Come, and I’ll place our babe on thy knee.”
 “God help thee, woman—she called me first,
 And hers is the face that she lent to thee.”

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*With the Author’s permission, from “Songs of Wind
 and Wave” (Blackwood.) All rights reserved.*

HIS MOTHER

NURSE—’ere, what was it the doctor said—
 Recoverin’ rather slow,
 Yer kiddin’, I seed ’im shake ’is ’ead
 An’ knowed as I got ter go,
 Now, strite, wen is it—yer fear ter-night,
 Ah, well—there’s somethink I want ter write.

It’s ter mother ; ’er as ull feel it wust,
 Yer know ’ow they carry on,
 She’d five ov us wunst, an’ I was fust,
 An’ the other four’s orl gone,
 As far as dyin’ I aint no cur,
 But it knocks me aht wen I think ov ’er.

I s’pose ’twas keepin’ no other kid
 She made such a lot ov me,
 I sent ’er a trifle, too, I did—
 Not arf wot it ought to be.
 Them fun’s ’ull pension ’er now, in course,
 So yer might p’raps say as I ain’t no loss.

But I want yer ter write as if wer
 An’ orl that I ought to be ;
 I’m a little tin gawd on wheels ter ’er,
 An’ it pleases ’er praisin’ me,
 Say “gallant soldier an lovin’ son”
 An’ chap wot ’is little bit ’as done.

An' write down big as I 'ad no pain
But went easy in my bed—
Ah, nurse, there's them aches come on again,
I'll be thankful wen I'm dead.
D'yer think yer could get a book ov 'ims
An' send it ter 'er, an' say, it's Jim's.

It troubled 'er always I warn't the sort
As went in fer 'ims an' such,
An' done the things I 'adn't ought,
But the 'arm I did warn't much;
In course wot I done I stand to now—
I might 'ave done worser any'ow,

So, Nurse, if you'd put in a word or two
As would comfort mother more,
Jes say as the papers and such like do,
"Not lost, only gone before."
If Gawd's the sort as 'e ought ter be
'E won't go partin' my mother from me.

OWEN OLIVER.

VIVE LA FRANCE

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning grey,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man, Michael, had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried,
"If I have but one prayer, dear crucified
Christ—Save France.

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France."

She crooned to her boy, oh ! how glad he'll be
 Little three-months-old to set eyes on thee !
 For " Rather than gold would I give," wrote he,
 " A son to France."

Come now, be good, little stray sauterelle,
 For we're going by-bye to thy papa, Michel ;
 But I'll not say where, for fear thou wilt tell,
 Little pigeon of France.

Six days' leave and a year between !
 But what would you have ? " In six days clean
 Heaven was made," said Franceline,
 " Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
 To the marching troops in the street she came,
 And she held her boy like a taper flame.
 Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and grey with grime
 Silent they march like a pantomime ;
 But what need of music, her heart beats time,
 Vive la France.

His regiment comes, Oh ! where is he ?
 There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see.
 " Is that my Michel to right of thee ?
 Soldier of France."

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,
 " Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
 And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
 Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
 Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
 As she lifted her boy to the flag and sobbed,
 " Vive la France." ANON.

THE PARSON'S SON

*THIS is the song of the parson's son, as he squats in
his shack alone,
On the wild, weird nights when the Northern Lights
shoot up from the frozen zone,
And it's sixty below, and couched in the snow the
hungry huskies moan.*

"I'm one of the Arctic brotherhood, I'm an old-time pioneer.

I came with the first—O God! how I've cursed this Yukon—but still I'm here.

I've sweated athirst in its summer heat, I've frozen and starved in its cold;

I've followed my dreams by its thousand streams, I've toiled and moiled for its gold.

"Look at my eyes—been snow-blind twice; look where my foot's half gone;

And that gruesome scar on my left cheek where the frost-fiend bit to the bone.

Each one a brand of this devil's land, where I've played and I've lost the game,

A broken wreck with a craze for 'hooch,' and never a cent to my name.

"This mining is only a gamble, the worst is as good as the best;

I was in with the bunch and I might have come out right on top with the rest;

With Cormack, Ladue, and Macdonald—O God! but it's hell to think

Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered on cards and women and drink.

"In the early days we were just a few, and we hunted
 and fished around,
 Nor dreamt by our lonely camp-fires of the wealth
 that lay under the ground.
 We traded in skins and whiskey, and I've often slept
 under the shade
 Of that lone birch tree on Bonanza, where the first big
 find was made.

"We were just like a great big family, and every man
 had his squaw,
 And we lived such a wild, free, fearless life beyond the
 pale of the law ;
 Till sudden there came a whisper, and it maddened us
 every man,
 And I got in on Bonanza before the big rush
 began.

"Oh, those Dawson days, and the sin and the blaze,
 and the town all open wide !
 (If God made me in His likeness, sure He let the devil
 inside.)
 But we all were mad, both the good and the bad, and
 as for the women, well—
 No spot on the map in so short a space has hustled
 more souls to hell.

"Money was just like dirt there, easy to get and to
 spend.
 I was all caked in on a dance-hall jade, but she shook
 me in the end.
 It put me queer, and for near a year I never drew sober
 breath,
 Till I found myself in the bughouse ward with a claim
 staked out on death.

"Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling along its
creeks;
Roaming its giant valleys, scaling its god-like peaks;
Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish cold,
Twenty years in the Yukon . . . twenty years—and
I'm old.

"Old and weak, but no matter, there's 'hooch' in the
bottle still.
I'll hitch up the dogs to-morrow, and mush down the
trail to Bill.
It's so long dark, and I'm lonesome—I'll just lay down
on the bed,
To-morrow I'll go . . . to-morrow . . . I guess I'll
play on the red.

" . . . Come, Kit, your pony is saddled. I'm waiting,
dear, in the court . . .
. . . Minnie, you devil, I'll kill you if you skip with
that flossy sport . . .
. . . How much does it go to the pan, Bill? . . . play
up, School, and play the game . . .
. . . Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy
name . . ."

*This was the song of the parson's son, as he lay in his
bunk alone,
Ere the fire went out and the cold crept in, and his blue
lips ceased to moan,
And the hunger-maddened malamutes had torn him
flesh from bone.*

R. W. SERVICE.

*From Songs of a Sour-Dough. By permission,
T. Fisher Unwin Ltd., Publishers.*

TO MY SON

LITTLE son, when you are grown
 Strong enough to stand alone,
 All your mother's love and tears
 Cannot help you down the years ;
 All the sin your father knew
 Lies in wait to trap you too.
 Learn the lesson while your young—
 Shut your ears and guard your tongue.

I have seen an idle jest
 Strike a woman in the breast,
 Kill the laughter in her eyes,
 Twist the tongue of her replies.
 Bitter words recalled too late
 Turn the tide of love to hate,
 Guard your lips, my little son,
 Lest you weep as I have done.

I have seen a wanton word
 Lightly uttered, lightly heard,
 Garbled, twisted out of truth,
 Rob a man of all his youth.
 Broken faith and blinded eyes
 Follow hard on senseless lies.
 Son of mine, go shut your ears,
 Lest you too should know my tears.

When you make a man a friend
 Trust him blindly to the end,
 Let no word or woman's whim
 Break the faith you have in him ;
 Sound the depth of feeble sneers,
 Guard your lips and shut your ears.
 Little son, learn charity,
 Lest you weep alone, like me.

DION TITHERADGE.

By kind permission of the Author.

A THANKFUL SOUL

I TAKE life jest as I find it,
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin',—why I go
Jest a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full o' strife;
That jest livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it He
Done the best fer you an' me,—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throwed in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop o' dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light,—
Sun by day an' stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy,—that they ain't!
Some would jest *live* with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things,—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it,—
 Hot or cold, I never mind it.
 If it's a sunshiny day
 That's my time fer makin' hay;
 If it's rainin', fills my wish,—
 Makes the lakes jest right fer fish.
 When the snow falls white as foam,
 Then I track the rabbits home.
 Spring or winter, summer, fall,
 I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

FRANK L. STANTON.

HOW GOOD ARE THE POOR!

'TIS night; within the close-shut cabin door
 The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall
 Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
 And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
 A few white dishes glimmer; in the shade
 Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
 And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long, low mattress lie—
 A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams:
 In the high chimney the last embers die,
 And redden the dark room with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
 She prays alone, hearing the billows shout;
 While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
 The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say
"Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
Those ravening wolves that know not ruth, nor rest.

"Terrible fear! we seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows, 'Bring them home!'
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar
To the dark thoughts that haunt us as we roam?"

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah! my poor husband! We had five before.
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step? Ah, no! the wind!

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now
I would not blame him. Does not the door move?
Not yet, poor man!" She sits, with careful brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of wind and waves that dash against his prow
Or the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets
Stands on the threshold, with a joyful cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and, eager as a lover,
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;
"Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed.

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.

"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?"

"Bad.

The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night,
But I embrace thee, and my heart is light.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew ;

I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line.
And once I thought the bark was broken, too ;

What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I!

Oh, naught—I sewed, I watched, I was afraid.
The waves were loud as thunder from the sky,
But it is over." Shyly then she said :

"Our neighbor died last night ; it must have been

When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail—William and Madeleine ;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast

His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Muttered awhile and scratched his head—at last :

"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep

Sometimes without our supper. Now! Ah, well—
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep ;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did He take the mother from those scraps

No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read.
A learned man might understand, perhaps—
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife ; they will be frightened sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even.
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food will give the God of Heaven.

"I will work harder ; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear ?
Not thus are wont to move those feet of thine."

She drew the curtain, saying, "*They are here !*"

VICTOR HUGO.

MY DAUGHTER JEAN

I LOVE my little daughter Jean
Because her face is always clean,
And underneath her pinafore
Her frock is never smudged or tore ;
Tears on her face are rarely seen,
She's always good is Clarice Jean.

Of course there are some days, I know,
When things are not just always so,
When boots and buttons go awry
And ribbons make their wearer cry,
While Edna says—you should have seen
How very cross was Clarice Jean.

But when she goes to bed at night
And mother comes with candle light,
Slipping softly on the stairs
To hear the children say their prayers
Before they creep the sheets between,
How loving, then, is Clarice Jean.

Her flannel trousered knees are bent,
 Her hands are clasped, her bonnie hair
 Lies on her neck, till she has sent
 Her love to God in solemn prayer ;
 To Him who listens all unseen
 And watches over Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the folks she knows—
 Father and Allan far away
 From where the mountain heather grows,
 Pat and Pete on holiday,
 And friends she's made where'er she's been
 Are not forgot by Clarice Jean.

She prays for all the soldiers' lives,
 The workers and the sailors stern,
 The orphans and the lonely wives
 Whose loved ones never will return,
 And Heaven's very still I wean
 When God bends down to Clarice Jean.

But soon upon the pillow white
 Is laid her heavy little head ;
 She soundly sleeps till morning light
 While angels hover round her bed,
 So from my heart these words I mean,
 God bless my little daughter Jean.

R. W. JENKINS.

From "The Bookman." By kind permission.

AN OLD SHOE

A POOR old shoe ; there are thousands such,
 And each much like a man.
 All shapes and sizes just like us,
 White, black, or tan.

Provided with a tongue, you see,
Each one has a sole.
When broken down, they're patched afresh,
And healed to make them whole.

How like a man this lonely shoe,
No use without a mate ;
Dirty—often buttonless,
The bachelor's usual fate ;
But no, I'm not mistaken,
For once there was a pair
Who in their bright and polished youth
Trod the ground like air.

But in their worn and wrinkled age
Their usefulness departed,
Like couples at the workhouse gate
The poor old souls were parted.
This lonely shoe without reward
Uncomplaining—undemanding,
Has guarded some men's footsteps,
Supplied his understanding.

His constant companion,
Oft trodden in the mud,
A trusty slave, now worn out—
Worn out for his master's good.
Merely shoes, but how like men
For their infinite variety,
Some slowly plod their lonely way,
Some shine in high society.

Some honest leather,
Some, alas, of paper nearly half ;
Strong ones made of bullock hide,
Soft ones labelled calf.
Like men in youth, they are well tanned,
They're hammered to the last.
In them the maker puts his "awl,"
Ere on the world they're cast.

Just like woman now and then,
 Cut low and tightly laced,
 With dainty bows marked "latest style"
 In public view well placed.
 Some heavy and unyielding,
 Squeaking without reason ;
 Some made to bear the brunt of time,
 Some just to last a season.

What boots it—we must go our way
 Come sun, or wind, or rain,
 And if the road be rough or smooth
 This shoe would not complain.
 And so a lesson we should learn
 And follow to the close,
 For there comes a time to man and shoes
 When they must turn up their toes.

And when this shoe comes to the last
 'Tis mended up like new,
 But past healing quite—our souls take flight,
 Then we are men—dead too.

ANON.

By arrangement with Wilbert Gamble.

JIMSIE

JIMSIE was his mother's pride—
 She dearly loved her Jimsie ;
 A' nicht gang to wreck beside
 If things were richt wi' Jimsie.
 On the rest she looked as fules,
 Sent him to the best o' schules,
 Cookies, nits, an' sugar bools
 In pocks were bocht for Jimsie.

Silence reigned when Jimsie spak,
The oracle was Jimsie ;
Nane could beat him in the crack
His mother said o’ Jimsie.
Jimsie got the best o’ fare
Others jist what he could spare,
An’ the cosy, cushioned chair
Was aye gi’en up tae Jimsie.

When he grew to man’s estate
His mother lost her Jimsie ;
Grief she thocht her heart wad break—
The sodgers noo had Jimsie !
He turned oot the worst o’ scamps,
’Mangst them played sic deevilish pranks,
That they banished him the ranks—
Wae’s me for favoured Jimsie.

At his mother’s fire again
Sits guid-for-naething Jimsie,
Though he’s gi’en her muckle pain
She clings as fond tae Jimsie.
Some can love yet no reveal
A’ the love their hearts may feel ;
Having not that sacred seal
Was hoo she spoilt her Jimsie.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

By kind permission of Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.

“A BOY’S LESSON”

WATCH well thy heart, for from within there springs
The first beginning of all hateful things.

From one bad thought, as from a little seed,
Grows a wrong wish and then an evil deed :

Checked, it will die ; encouraged, it will be
Hard to uproot as is a forest tree.

When a good thought comes, keep it with great joy :
Its holy presence will the bad destroy.

One good thought brings another, and yet more :
The wise and humble lay them up in store.

Their coming tells us God is very near :
Our secret wishes to His eyes are clear.

When a wrong thought comes, lift thy heart and cry,
“ Lord Jesus, help,” and the foul thing will fly.

He is at hand to save from guilt and shame
All those who trust in His victorious Name.

Cleanse me, O Lord, till pure and sweet within,
Thou may'st see in me not one stain of sin.

K. D.
By permission.

ROSAMOND

ONLY a languorous touch in the hot summer air,
Drowsy with sun—not a cloud in the blue of the sky.
Green o' the trees, and the scent of the flowers every-
where

And just you and I.

Wandering idly together in Arcady's land
Happily, gaily a-down ; like two children at play,
Only a look in your eyes, and a touch of your hand
And the world slipped away !

Dusk, and no sound but the nightingale's passionate
trill.

Just you and I 'neath the trees, and the stars up above.
Only our hearts that beat wild with the rapturous
thrill

Of wonderful love.

.

Only the chill of a dawn that breaks cheerless and grey,
Only the throb of a heart for an hour that has fled,
Only the dull, aching pain of a desolate day
And a dream that is dead.

VALENTINE.

Specially written for this volume.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

MY heart is wasted with my woe,

Oriana ;

There is no rest for me below,

Oriana ;

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,

And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,

Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro,

Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,

Oriana,

At midnight the cock was crowing,

Oriana :

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,

We heard the steeds to battle going,

Oriana ;

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,

Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
 Oriana,
 Ere I rode into the fight,
 Oriana :
 While blissful tears blinded my sight
 By star-shine and by moonlight,
 Oriana,
 I to thee my troth did plight,
 Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
 Oriana :
 She watch'd my crest among them all,
 Oriana :
 She saw me fight, she heard me call,
 When forth there stept a foeman tall,
 Oriana,
 Atween me and the castle wall,
 Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
 The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
 The damned arrow glanced aside,
 And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
 Oriana—
 Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana,
 Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana.
 Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
 The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana ;
 But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana.

How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?

How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—

They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek!
Oriana,

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:

What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud; none hear my cries,
Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana,

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand—O cursed blow,
Oriana!

O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana;

A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree.
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana,
 I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

TENNYSON.

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG

I RODE through the Bush in the burning noon
 Over the hills to my bride,
 The track was rough and the way was long,
 And Bannerman of the Dandenong
 He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my beautiful dwelt,
 By the Murray streams in the West;
 Lightly lilting a gay love-song
 Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With a blood-red rose on his breast.

Red, red rose of the Western streams
 Was the song he sang that day—
 Truest comrade in hour of need—
 Bay Mathinna, his peerless steed,
 I had my own good grey.

There fell a spark on the upland grass,
 The dry Bush leapt into flame—
 And I felt my heart go cold as death
 And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,
 But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hillside the fire-floods rushed
On the roaring eastern wind—
Neck and neck was the neckless race,
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say,"
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground—"Look sharp," he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head,
"I ride lighter than you."

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day;
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from Dandenong—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell—
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars in the sky—
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—ride for her sake," he cried.
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named Her name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare,
Stunned, and dizzy, and blind;
I heard the sound of a mingling roar,
'Twas the Lachlan River that rushed before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
 O love!—thine arms were about me then,
 Thy warm tears called me to life again,
 But—O God! that I came alone!

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one
 And I, by the streams in the West,
 But oft, through the mist of my dreams, along
 Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER.

*By kind permission of the Publishers,
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THE FACE IN THE GLASS

HAVE yer ever sat down and looked in the glass,
 And regretted the day you was born?
 Have yer ever turned round and said, "Ain't I a
 ass?"
 When you're feeling fat-'eaded, forlorn.
 When yer look at yer eyes, what was once mother's
 prize,
 And find that they're bleary and red,
 Don't yer cuss Father Time and the beer and the
 wine,
 And *all things*, and wish you was dead?
 When yer see a line here and a crow's foot just
 there,
 And yer think of the time it was smooth,
 And what once was a dimple is now a d—— pimple,
 And yer mouth just a meaningless groove.

And yer hair, what was once mother's joy to caress
Very seldom now sees brush and comb,
And the place where yer live is a dingy recess,
But yer pig there and call it yer 'ome.

Does yer wife ever say—"Matey, don't 'ave no more
booze,"

And yer promise yer won't, but yer do ;
And when yer wake up from a dead drunken snooze,
Do yer find yer wife's skin black and blue ?
If yer see all these things, and you've got some pluck
left,

Do the one thing you're fit for—that's *die*.
Here's me last drink on earth—and by God, but it
burns ! ! !

Still . . . I won't drink no more, Sal—good-bye !

HARRY J. CLIFFORD.

By kind permission of the Author.

FIVE YEARS AGO

FIVE years ago, in this city inn
We passed a pleasant day ;
Four merry friends who ate and drank,
And were blythe as birds in May ;
We scratched our names on the window pane,
There they stand in the sheen,
And prove to me, if to nobody else,
What fools we must have been.

One of them borrowed my cash (a dove
That never returned to the ark),
The second was jealous of my fame
And stabbed it in the dark ;
The third made love to a bonnie wee maid
Dearer to me than life ;
Wooed her and won her, behind my back,
And made her his wretched wife.

And here I sit in the cosy inn
 While the bright wood-splinters blaze,
 And drink my pint of claret alone,
 And think of the bygone days,
 And wonder which of my three false friends
 I hate or despise the most ;
 Surely not him who borrowed my cash,
 'Tis gone—'tis a bodiless ghost.

Surely not him who stole my wife
 That was not my wife. God wot !
 But might have been, to my dire distress,
 Had she fallen to my lot ;
 I think I hate with the deadliest hate
 The fellow who slurred my name—
 Shaking my hand, eating my bread,
 And murdering my fame.

SIDNEY CARTON

LEFT ALONE

THE winter night was chill and dark,
 The snow lay on the ground,
 The silver chimes rang out the hours
 With clear and startling sound ;
 The warm light from the public bar
 Streamed full upon the way,
 And made the darkness gloomier,
 And killed the dying day.

Within a man, unkempt and flushed,
 Harangued the noisy crowd,
 Who hung upon each foolish jest
 With laughter, long and loud.
 There all was warmth and merriment,
 But just across the way,
 High up above the narrow street,
 Two babes knelt down to pray.

Their little lips were blue with cold,
Their clothing torn and thin,
And through the cracked and broken panes
The wind came rushing in.
Hand clasped in hand they lisped these words :
Oh, dearest Lord, to-day
Send back our father from the man
Who lives across the way.

He used to be so good and kind
And never said us nay,
When after work we climbed his knee,
So glad with him to play.
But now he never kisses us,
His voice is harsh and thick,
And when we play he makes us stop
And beats us with his stick.

He cried so when dear mother died
And we were left alone,
And all night long we listened
As we heard him sigh and moan.
But now he never seems to care
And, worse, he doesn't pray :
Oh, make him good, and save him from
The man across the way.

Again the song and laughter came
Adown the narrow street,
A good and evil angel passed
Each other, still and fleet.
One went within the golden gates
The bearer of a prayer,
The other gathered up the words
That shocked the silent air.

Their prayer was ended ; supperless,
Upon a ragged bed,
The weary little children laid
Each aching curly head.

The evening star in pitying mood
 Sent down a silver ray
 That helped to cheer their loneliness
 And drove black night away.

Now sharper grew the frosty night,
 And brighter burned each star,
 And still the merry laugh rang out
 From that bright public bar.
 Like fragile blossoms sweet and pale
 Exposed to every blast,
 They slept their sleep of innocence,
 While time was fleeting fast.

A heavy step is in the room !
 With flushed and aching head
 And staring eyes the father flings
 Himself upon his bed.
 For hours he sleeps ! the children still
 Lie motionless close by ;
 He, waking, finds no meal prepared
 And shakes them angrily.

He shrank to feel their chilly touch ;
 Then wild and shrill a cry
 Rings out into the silent street
 Up to the startled sky.
 A pitying angel in the night
 Had carried them away
 To join the happy boys and girls
 Who 'mid Heaven's brightness play.

No cold, no hunger now was theirs,
 No tears henceforth would stain
 Their cheek ; in Heaven there is no cold,
 No hunger, and no pain.

The father sat in mute despair,
Like Cain he longed to flee,
Far, far away to some lone spot
Where none his guilt would see.

For was he not a murderer?
Uncared-for and unfed
His little helpless children died
Within their lonely bed :
His soul was filled with deep remorse,
He vowed that, from that day,
His foot should never tread again
The house across the way.

He kept his word, but never smile
Was seen upon his face ;
His comfort was in visiting
His children's resting-place :
A simple little pauper grave,
O'er-grown with grass and flowers,
Where, weeping hot and silent tears,
He loved to sit for hours. A. STEVENS.

THE TWO BROTHERS

IN Palestine long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mount Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned, as one, 'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest home"
Among the withering leaves,

The elder brother said one night :
 " I'm stronger far than Saul,
 My younger brother ; 'tis but right
 That I should give him all
 These sheaves that grew upon the plain
 We own together, so
 I'll put with his my stacks of grain,
 And he will never know ! "

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
 When quietly there came
 Across the field, with stealthy feet,
 And errand just the same,
 The younger lad, who said : " I see
 My brother Simon's need
 Is greater far than mine, for he
 Hath wife and child to feed ;
 And so to him I'll give my sheaves,
 It is but right, I know,
 And he will never think who leaves
 These wheat stacks on his row ! "

Next morning when the brothers twain
 Began to count their store,
 Behold, each found his stacks of grain
 To number as before !
 " Why ! how is this ? " in great surprise
 Each to himself then said :
 " I'll watch to-night and see who tries
 These tricks when I'm abed ! "
 And so, half-way across the plain
 They met—each one bent o'er
 With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
 To swell his brother's store !

Good Saul and Simon ! Would to-day
 More brothers might be found
 Who seek each other's good away,
 And in kind deeds abound.

ANON.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

AWAY from the town, in the safe retreat
Of a rare old garden, sunny and sweet,
Four little happy children played
In and out of the light and shade,
Through a long summer's blissful prime,
Once on a time.
Between the garden borders neat
The gravel-walks stretched warm and wide.
The diligent brown-coated bees
Were ever astir
Among the roses and lavender
And the great dark pansies, yellow-eyed,
And the faint sweet-peas.
But the children on their tireless feet
Flitted about in the pleasant heat
Like the butterflies,
Nor ever cared to stray outside
Their Paradise.
Round the old garden was a wall ;
Snapdragons crowded along the ledge,
Crimson and tall,
And in every niche and crevice small
Tiny mosses uncurled.
And though the children would often try,
And even stand on tip-toe to look,
They could hardly see over the top at all.
But there was one corner not quite so high,
And above it, against the farthest edge
Of the beautiful sky
(The part that was golden and green and red
In the evenings, when they were going to bed)
A row of poplars shook and shook ;
And the children said
The poplars must be the end of the world.

On one of those happy summer days—
 When the garden borders were all ablaze,
 And the children for once felt too hot to play,
 Though all their lessons were done,
 But lay
 On the grass and watched a delicate haze
 Quiver across the brooding blue
 Up to the sun—
 Something happened strange and new.
 For a beggar pushed open the garden door
 And stood in the flooding sunshine bright
 Full on the wondering children's sight;
 A pale-faced woman young and footsore,
 With a baby boy on her arm.
 Her ragged dress was all powdered grey
 With the dust of the road.
 She fixed a long, bewildered gaze
 On the quaint old garden gay,
 Then with a sudden smile and a nod,
 She pointed in rapt delight
 To the place where, cool and shimmering white,
 The lilies shone—
 Touched the baby and said, "Ah! plaze,
 If it wouldn't do them flowers no harm,
 Children, will yiz give him *wan*,
 For the love o' God?"
 The children stared, an awe-struck band,
 At the stranger pair.
 Then the youngest ran, and with one bold twist
 Of his firm little wrist
 He wrenched a thick lily stem in two,
 And put it, with all its blossoms fair,
 In the beggar baby's hand.

"Ah! acushla," the woman said, "there's few
 In this hard world like *you*.
 I've a long, long way to thravel yet,
 Beyond them high threes over there,

But I'll not forget
To pray for you and yours everywhere,
Never fear.
Good evenin', God love ye, dear."

"She's gone," said Cissy; "how queer she spoke!"
Whispered Dickie, "Oh, Tom, you've broke
The best lily: whatever *shall* you do
When gardener sees the empty space
There where it grew,
And father has to be told?"
"It was for the love of God, you see,
I did it," said Tom; "so maybe He
Won't let them scold."
"We know now," said Will,
"There's world the other side of that hill."

FRANCES WYNNE.

*From "Whisper." By kind permission of the
Publisher, Mr Elkin Mathews.*

A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting-house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair.
And eyes that open and shut;

One would ask for a china set,
 With dishes all to her mind;
 One would wish a Noah's ark,
 With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
 And a little toy wash-tub;
 Some would prefer a little drum,
 For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub;
 Some would wish for a story-book,
 And some for a set of blocks;
 Some would be wild with happiness
 Over a new tool box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
 And other things warm to wear;
 For many children are very poor,
 And the winter is hard to bear;
 I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
 And a thousand stockings or so,
 And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
 To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
 And a candy of every kind,
 And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
 And taffy that I could find;
 And barrels and barrels of oranges
 I'd scatter right in the way,
 So the children would find them the very first
 thing
 When they wake on Christmas day.

EUGENE FIELD.

*By permission and arrangement with
 John Lane, Publisher.*

THE FIVE-SHILLING FEE

MY mither was wae for my faither was deid,
And they threatened to tak the auld hoose ower her
heid ;
Her earnings were scanty, the meal it grew dear,
I, the eldest o' five, could whiles see the tear
Glisten bricht in her ee, as she cam hame at e'en,
Half-hid as it didna just want to be seen ;
I spak na a word, but ma hert it would ache,
And I wisht I were big for my puir mither's sake.

The farmers around wanted herds for their kye,
And ma mither said she had ane that wad try ;
I min' how I trembled wi' half-fear, half-joy,
When a farmer ca'd in for to look at the boy.
He bad me stan' up, an' he thocht I was wee,
But ma blithe, honest face, he said, pleased his ee ;
He wad tak me and try me a half-year and see,
For a pair o' new shoon and a five-shilling fee.

We were glad to hear tell o't, a bargain was struck,
An' he gied me a saxpence o' erles for luck ;
Ma trousers and jaicket were patched for the day,
And ma mither convoyed me a lang mile away.
Wi' chairges and warnings 'gainst a' sort o' crimes,
And rules she laid doon I thocht hard at the time—
Gin the kye should rin wrang I was never to lee,
Tho' they sent me awa withoot shoon or ma fee.

Syne I set to ma wark, and I pleased richt weel,
For a wag o' the hand I plied hand or heel ;
But ma troubles cam on, for the fences were bad,
An' the midsummer flees gar'd the cattle run mad,

And the cauld blashy weather sair drenched me wi'
 rain,
 Whiles *wee* thochts o' leevin' would steal through ma
 brain;
 But wi' courage I dashed aye the tear fra ma ee
 When I thocht o' ma shoon and ma five-shilling fee.

Syne Martimas brocht me ma lang-look'd-for store,
 And proudly I coonted it twenty times o'er.
 Some years have now passed in a fortunate train,
 But I never have felt such a rapture again.
 The sailor just safe thro' the wild breakers steered,
 Proud Waterloo's Victor when Blucher appeared
 N'er felt what I felt, when I placed on the knee
 O' a fond-hearted mother my five-shilling fee.

M. R. (*adapted*).

HIS GIPPSLAND GIRL

NOW money was scarce and work was slack
 And Love to his heart crept in,
 And he rode away on the Northern track
 To war with the world and win;
 And he vowed by the locket upon his breast,
 And its treasure, one red-gold curl,
 To work with a will in the farthest West,
 For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

The hot wind blows on the dusty plain
 And the red sun burns above,
 But he sees her face at his side again,
 And he strikes each blow for love;
 He toils by the light of one far-off star
 For the winning of one white pearl,
 And the swinging pick and the driving bar
 Strike home for the Gippsland girl.

With aching wrist and a back that's bent,
With salt sweat blinding his eyes,
'Tis little he'd reck if his life were spent
In winning so grand a prize ;
And his shear-blades flash, and over his hand
The folds of the white fleece curl,
And all day long he sticks to his stand
For the love of his Gippsland girl.

When the shearing's done and the sheds cut out
On Barwon and Narran and Bree,
When the shearer mates with the rouseabout
And the Union man with the free ;
When the doors of the shanty, open wide,
An uproarious welcome hurl,
He passes by on the other side
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

When summer lay brown on the Western land
He rode once more to the South,
Athirst for the touch of a lily hand
And the kiss of a rosebud mouth ;
And he sang the songs that shorten the way,
And he envied not king nor earl,
And he spared not the spur on his dappled
grey
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

At the garden gate when the shadows fell
His hopes in the dusk lay dead ;
"Nellie! Oh, surely you heard that Nell
Is married a month," they said.
He spoke no word ; with a dull, numb pain
At his heart, and his brain awhirl,
He turned his grey to the North again
For the sake of his Gippsland girl.

And he rung the board in a Paroo shed
 By the sweat of his aching brow,
 And he blued his cheque, for he grimly said
 "There is nothing to live for now."
 And out and away where the big floods start
 And the Darling dust showers whirl,
 There's a drunken shearer that broke his heart
 Over a Gippsland girl.

W. H. OGILVIE.

*By kind permission of the Publishers,
 Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.*

TRAVELLERS

COME, let us go a-roaming,
 Dear heart, the world is wide,
 And half its paths are still untrod,
 And half its joys untried.

The way that led to winter
 Will lead to summer too ;
 For all roads end in other roads,
 Where we may start anew.

Who, when Hope's dead, would linger
 To weep beside her bier,
 And let the shadow of a night
 Make darkness through the year.

Life is not all unhappy
 Because the day has died ;
 To-morrow waits behind the hill,
 Dear heart, the world is wide.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

*By kind permission,
 from "Songs of the World War," by
 Cecil, Palmer & Heywood.*

THE CHANGED CROSS

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought of these as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to Whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me and I trembling lay,
And "Follow Me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
 And there, beneath a canopy of love
 Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
 Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
 A little one, with jewels set in gold ;
 Ah this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
 For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
 But, all at once, my frame beneath me shook ;
 The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
 But far too heavy was their weight for me.

“ This may not be,” I cried, and looked again
 To see if there was any here could ease my pain ;
 But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
 Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
 And grace and beauty seemed in it combined ;
 Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
 To think so many should have passed it o’er.

But oh ! that form so beautiful to see
 Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;
 Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair,
 Sorrowing, I said—“ This cross I may not bear.”

And so it was with each and all around—
 Not one to suit my need could there be found ;
 Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down
 As my Guide gently said—“ No Cross, no crown.”

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart ;
 He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
 “ Be not afraid,” He said, “ but trust in Me—
 My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.”

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest ;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognised my own old cross again.

But oh ! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see ;
No longer could I unbelieving say
“ Perhaps another is a better way.”

Ah no ! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me ;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send
I'll trust it's best, because He knows *the* end.

By Hon. Mrs CHARLES HOBART.

TROUBLE

SURE, this world is full of trouble—
 I ain't said it ain't.
 Gee! I've had enough and double
 Reason for complaint.
 Rain and storm have come to fret me,
 Skies were often grey;
 Thorns and brambles have beset me
 On the road—but say!
 “Ain't it fine to-day?”

What's the use of always weepin',
 Makin' trouble last;
 What's the use of always keepin'
 Thinking of the past.
 Each must have his tribulation—
 Water with his wine.
 Life! it ain't no celebration,
 Trouble, I've had mine.
 But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
 Not a month ago.
 Havin', losin', takin', givin'
 As time wills it so.
 Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
 Fell across the way;
 It may rain again to-morrow,
 It may rain—But say!
 “Ain't it fine to-day?”

ANON.

THE DIFFERENCE

She's only twelve years old,
The sweetest little maid you ever saw,
With laughing eyes and tangled curls of gold,
 Dainty and slim
 In every limb.

We're sweethearts, I and she,
And now and then, when to the house I go,
She loves to come and sit upon my knee,
 And nestle up to me ;
 She's twelve—I'm thirty-three.

In five years' time she will
Be seventeen, and as you'll allow,
Most likely she'll be ten times sweeter still.
 And yet—and yet
 My one regret

Is that those five years may change her—not me.
Perchance she may not quite so readily
Delight to come and nestle on my knee.
Demure and shy she may perhaps have got
When she is seventeen and I am thirty-eight—
 But I hope not !

VALENTINE.

*From "The Blue Magazine."
By kind permission of the Author.*

LIVE IT DOWN

SHOULD envious tongues sore malice frame
To soil and tarnish your good name,
Live it down.

Grow not disheartened, 'tis the lot
Of all men, whether good or not.
Live it down.

Rail not in answer, but be calm,
For silence yields a rapid balm.
Live it down.

Go not among your friends and say,
"Evil hath fallen on my way."
Live it down.

Far better thus yourself alone
To suffer, than with friends bemoan
The trouble that is all your own.
Live it down.

What though men evil call your good—
So Christ himself, misunderstood,
Was nailed unto a cross of wood ;
And how shall you for lesser pain
Your inmost soul for ever stain
By rendering evil back again.
Live it down.

Oh, if you look to be forgiven,
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,
And love to you shall glide from Heaven ;
And when shall come the poisoned lie
Swift from the bow of calumny,
If you would turn it harmless by
And would the venom'd falsehood lie,
Live it down.

ANON.

THE ANGELUS BELL

During the campaign in Italy, the writer was billeted for a time in a monastery. One day during his stay the old lay-brother who acted as bell-ringer made a mistake in the time, and rang the mid-day Angelus at about eleven o'clock, to the consternation of the monks and the amusement of the villagers. The following verses were the result.

COME all ye good people and list while I tell
A story concerning an Angelus bell,
Which ring-a-ding ding
A good brother did ring
Throughout summer and autumn and winter and
spring,
At six and at noon and at six every day,
So that all ceased their work for a moment to pray,
And the musical song
Of his ring-a-ding dong
Gave such pleasure to all round about that ere long
Most people said one extra "AVE" as well
For the Brother-in-Charge of the Angelus bell.

Now this Angelus ringing does not require brains,
To do the job well you need only take pains,
And I wish to point out
That without any doubt
At a glance there seems nothing to worry about ;
You ring three times three, and you finish with nine,
And this doesn't give one many chances to shine ;
But the merit, my friends,
Of the whole thing depends
On being *Punctual*, for slackness in this respects
tends
To upset the whole house and the neighbours as
well,
Most of whom set their clocks by the Angelus bell.

It was just on this point that our Brother excelled
To such an extent that mere justice compelled

All who knew him to state

“ Brother Henry is *great*

At being punctual—for years he has never been late ! ”

So they made him bell-ringer-in-chief, and with pride

He continued to manage his bell till he died ;

Not a hard job, it's true.

(But between me and you

It matters but little what one has to do.

Many folk get to Heaven by just doing well

Something easy—like ringing an Angelus bell.)

But just as Rome wasn't all built in a day,

So virtues must grow in the very same way,

And I will not pretend

That our bell-ringing friend

Was always as good as he was in the end ;

For the story contained in this legend will show

How even his progress in virtue was slow.

Let us read on and hear

How his saintly career

To an untimely finish once came very near.

How into disgrace of the direst he fell,

All through carelessly ringing his Angelus bell.

One night about ten, on retiring to rest,

Being unusually tired he was quickly undressed,

And—his prayers being all said—

He jumped straight into bed,

And was “ off ” just as soon as he laid down his head.

But very soon after he woke in a fright

To discover himself in a curious plight,

For up in the sky

He was flying so high

That the Earth underneath he could barely descry.

‘ I can only suppose that I'm dead,’ said he—“ well,

I wonder who'll ring to-day's Angelus bell ! ”

On arriving at Heaven he knocked at the door,
And on seeing St Peter bowed low to the floor:

“Your pardon,” said he.

“Brother Henry—that’s me—

You know—the bell-ringer of ‘Mont Paradis’—

I was there for some years—and I just died to-
night—

I should like to come in, I—I hope it’s all right?”

But the Brother’s heart sank

As St Peter looked blank

And remarked: “You are not on my list. To be
frank,

I remember the name, but I *think* I heard tell
Of some trouble concerning an Angelus bell.

“But excuse me,” he added, “I’ll just have a look,
It is probably entered up here in my book;

Now just let us see

Under ‘H’ it will be,—

Letter ‘H,’ here we are—Brother Henry, q.v.

On May the fourteenth, nineteen-eighteen, I find

Entered here an offence of a serious kind:

Without reason or rhyme

You proceeded to chime

Your Angelus summons an hour before time—

Simple folk said, ‘Our clocks must be wrong, we can tell

It is noon by the sound of the Angelus bell.’

“Now I’m sorry to say that we’ve no room in Heaven
For men who think mid-day is five-to-eleven;

But I’ll telephone quick

And enquire of Old Nick

If *he* wants the inventor of such a sad trick.”

“Oh, please don’t do that, Sir!” the poor Brother
cried—

Too late! The door banged, and there—close by
his side,

(He was ready to choke
 With the brimstone and smoke)
 Stood The One-Not-Referred-To by really nice folk.
 "Help!" yelled Brother Henry, "oh how could I tell
 All this would be caused by my Angelus bell!"

"Aha!" cried Old Nick, "so I've got you at last,
 I have watched you, my boy, for some little time past.
 I daresay you *meant* well
 With your horrible bell,
 But we use good intentions for pave-stones in Hell!
 Now, without wasting any more time, you must know
 I've prepared a fine torture for you Down Below;
 All Eternity long,
 With a-ring-a-ding dong,
 You must chime by a clock that is always quite wrong,
 And, surrounded by demons and fire, smoke and smell,
 You will clang what will NOT be an Angelus bell!"

Having uttered this amiable greeting, Old Nick
 Gave our poor Brother Henry a terrible kick.
 As face downwards he fell
 The good man gave a yell—
 And *awoke*—to the sound of the "getting-up" bell.
 "It was only a dream," gasped the Brother, "I vow
 All the same I have learned a good lesson, and now
 I hereby declare,
 And I solemnly swear,
 For the future to watch with most scrupulous care,
 To be timed to the tick so that all men may tell
 The right time by my punctual Angelus bell."

This promise he kept, and the legends all state
 From that day he was never too early or late.
 With his ring-a-ding ding
 He continued to ring
 Through the summer and winter and autumn and
 spring.

He became a great saint and achieved quite a fame,
As the Patron of Punctual People—by name
 Brother Henry ; and long
 After this when the song
Of the bell would be heard with its ring-a-ding dong,
Pious people would utter a prayer as well
For the soul of the Saint of the Angelus Bell.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

SHADOWS

SHADOWS are but for the moment—
 Quickly past ;
And then the sun the brighter shines
 That it was overcast.

For Light is Life !
 Gracious and sweet,
The fair life-giving sun doth scatter blessings
 With his light and heat—
And shadows.
But the shadows that come of the life-giving sun
 Crouch at his feet.

No mortal life but has its shadowed times—
 Not one !
Life without shadow could not taste the full
 Sweet glory of the sun.

No shadow falls but there, behind it, stands
 The Light.
Behind the wrongs and sorrows of life's troublous
 ways
Stands RIGHT.

JOHN OXENHAM.

By kind permission of the Author.

COMPENSATION

As the stream pursues its course
 So live from day to day,
 O'er the smooth or stony ground
 Let nature guide thy way.

As we sow, so shall we reap,
 Due measure must be paid.
 Law compensative decrees
 Things equal shall be made.

As the sun throws forth its power
 So give the world thy best ;
 Do the good that comes thy way,
 And leave to God the rest.

ENID BAIRD.

By kind permission.

WIDDECOMBE ON THE MOOR

THE devil came to Widdecombe
 With thunder and with flame ;
 He left behind at Widdecombe
 A terror and a name ;
 And this, the moorland voices tell,
 Is how the devil came.

The autumn flashed with red and gold
 Along the Devon lanes ;
 The tangled hedges of the wold
 Were rich with yellow stains,—
 The torrents of the moorland old
 Were turbulent with rains.

There came a stranger to the inn
And sought to know his way—
To Poundstock on the moor he came
In sombre black array ;
He asked the road to Widdecombe—
It was the Sabbath-day.

He shouted loudly for a drink—
His sable steed he stroked ;
And when he tossed the liquor down
It boiled and hissed and smoked ;
Like water on a red-hot iron
The hissing liquor soaked.

“ Good woman, will you be my guide
To Widdecombe on the moor ? ”
With trembling accent she declined—
She said the road was sure.
She saw a cloven hoof strike out
As he spurred away from the door.

Low on the mossy cleaves and tors
A boding trouble lay—
A ceaseless murmur of the streams
Came through the silent day.
The stranger rode to Widdecombe,—
Full well he found the way.

The folk were gathered in the church
To hear the evening pray'r,
And if 'twas dark enough without,
'Twas threefold darker there ;
And on the gathered people fell
A shudder and a scare.

Now is the time, oh kneeling folk,
 To pray with fervent fear,
 For the enemy of the soul of man,
 Devouring fiend, is near,
 And evil thoughts and base desires
 Unbind his fetters here.

Sudden upon the moorland kirk
 The crash of thunder broke—
 A noise as of a thousand guns,
 With many a lightning stroke—
 A blackness as of blackest night,
 With fitful fire and smoke.

It seemed the Day of Doom had come ;
 The roof was torn and rent,
 And through the church from end to end
 A fearful flame-ball went.
 It seemed the dreadful day had come
 In wild bewilderment.

The stranger came to Widdecombe—
 He tied his horse without ;
 He rushed into the crashing door
 With fiendish laugh and shout ;
 Through the door the fiery stranger came,
 Through the shattered roof went out.

Men prayed with terror and remorse—
 In frenzied fear they cried ;
 And one lay dead with cloven head,
 His blood besprinkled wide—
 And one was struck so dire a stroke
 That of his hurt he died.

Down through the roof the turret came—
The spire was twisted stark,
A beam came rushing down between
The parson and the clerk—
And fearful was the sudden light,
And fearful was the dark.

Then fell a deep and deathlike hush,
And through a silence dead,
“Good neighbours, shall we venture out?”
A trembling farmer said—
“I’ the name o’ God, shall we venture out?”—
For the fearsome time seemed sped.

Then up and spake the minister
With white yet dauntless face :
“’Tis best to make an end of prayer,
Trusting to Christ His grace ;
For it were better to die here
Than in another place.”

So in the kirk at Widdecombe
They finished evening pray’r,
And then at last they ventured out
Into the autumn air.
Brightly the jagged moorland lay
In sundown calm and fair.

The devil came to Widdecombe
With thunder and with flame,—
He left behind a shattered kirk,
A terror, and a fame ;
And this, the moorland voices tell,
Is how the devil came.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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Verses.” Blackwood. All rights reserved.*

A HELPING HAND

ON the lowest round of the ladder I firmly planted
my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance that made
my future so sweet.
I climbed till my vision grew weary ; I climbed till
my brain was on fire ;
I planted each footstep with wisdom—yet I never
seemed to get higher.
For this round was glazed with indifference, and that
one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another, I found, under
velvet, a thorn.
Till my brain grew weary of planning, and my heart-
strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement, ere
evening, commenced to pale.
But just when my hands were unclasping their hold
on the last-gained round,
When my hopes, coming back from the future, were
sinking again to the ground—
One who had climbed near to the summit reached
backward a helping hand ;
And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened, I took,
once again, my stand.
And I wish, oh, I wish that the climbers would never
forget, as they go,
That, though weary may seem *their* climbing, there is
always someone below.

E. HIGGINSON.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO-DAY?

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have you done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

WE shall be so kind in the after-awhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

WE shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build large mansions towering so high,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But, here and now, do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

AMERICAN.

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

IT ain't the funniest thing a man can do,
 Existing in a country that's quite new ;
 Nature has moved in first a good long while,
 And fixed things up exactly her own style.
 Well, when first I invested in this retreat
 Things, to my mind, seemed frightfully incomplete ;
 But nature seemed quite cheerful all about me,
 A-carrying on her different trades without me.

But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
 And brought my wife and plunder right along.
 My girl wife—she was brave as she was good
 And helped me every blessed way she could.
 She learnt a hundred masculine things to do
 And aimed a shot gun pretty middlin' true ;
 Although, in spite of my express desire,
 She'd always shut her eyes before she'd fire.

Well! neighbourhoods were counties in those days,
 The roads didn't have accommodating ways,
 And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see,
 And much less talk to anyone—but me.
 And finally I thought I could trace
 A half heart hunger peering from her face.
 Then there'd a misty jealous thought occur,
 Because I wasn't earth and heaven to her.

One day I came home unusual late,
 Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate ;
 And when I went to milk the cows, I found
 They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,
 And maybe left a few long miles behind 'em,
 Which I must compass if I meant to find 'em.
 Flash quick the stay chains of my temper broke,
 And in a trice these burning words I spoke :

“You ought to have kept the animals in view
And drove 'em in—you'd nothing else to do ;
The heft of all our life on me must fall,
You just lie round and let me do it all.”
That speech, it hadn't been gone half-a-minute
Before I saw the cold, black poison in it,
And I'd have given all I had, and more,
To have only got it safely back indoor.

Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds :
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Things you may think may sometimes fall back
dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

Next morning, stone-faced but heavy hearted,
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work ; she watched the door
And followed me half-way to it, and more,
And I was just a-turning round at this
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss,
When on her lips I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve.

So with a short good-bye I shut the door,
And left her as I never had before.
All day the memory of last night's mistake
Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache ;
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
Put up by her so delicately neat,
Choicer somewhat than yesterday's had been,
I found some sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in.

Tender and pleasant thoughts I knew they meant—
It seemed as if her kiss to me she'd sent ;
So once more I began, her humble lover,
And said, “To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her.”

I came home rather early on that eve,
 Having contrived to make myself believe
 By various signs I sort of knew or guessed
 A thunderstorm was coming from the west.

Half out of breath my cabin door I swung,
 With tender heart-words burning on my tongue ;
 But all within was desolate and bare :
 My home had lost its soul, she was not there.
 A pencilled note was on the table spread,
 And these are something like the words it said :
 "The cows have strayed away again, I fear ;
 I've watched them pretty close ; don't scold me,
 dear.

"And where they are I think I really know,
 I heard the bell not very long ago.
 I've hunted for them all the afternoon ;
 I'll try once more, I think I'll find them soon.
 Dear ! if a burden I have been to you
 And haven't helped you all I ought to do—
 Then let old time memories my forgiveness plead,
 I've tried to do my best, I have indeed."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue
 Some swift-blown raindrops to the window clung,
 And from the clouds a rough, deep growl pro-
 ceeded—

My thunderstorm had come now 'twasn't needed.
 Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of
 spray

As if the ocean waves had lost their way ;
 Scarcely a pause the thunderbattle made
 In the deep clamour of its cannonade.

And she, while I was sheltered dry and warm,
 Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm.
 My dog, I seized him, dragged him to the wall,
 And placed his quivering muzzle to her shawl.

"Track her, old boy"—he started through the wood,
I followed him as faithful as I could.
All night we dragged the woods without avail—
The ground was drenched, we couldn't keep the trail.

So weary and worn with toil and labour spent
Back to what used to be my home I went ;
But as I neared our little clearing ground—
Listen !—I heard the cow-bell's tingling sound.
My cabin door was just a bit ajar,
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form,
She's made them guide her homeward through the storm."

Such pangs of joy I never felt before ;
"You've come," I shouted, and rushed through the door.
Yes, she had come, and gone again—she lay
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away.
She lay, the heart ruins of our home among
Not far from where I'd killed her with my tongue.

Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds :
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

WILL CARLETON.

ONE OF CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES

It was at dusk of an autumn day
 That one of Christ's little ones threaded her way
 Through the crowded streets of the city's din.
 The clothes about her were ragged and thin;
 The little face peeped from the hood so torn,
 And, like the old clothes, it was weary and worn.
 Thousands and thousands passed the way
 That the little one took going home that day;
 The minister, dressed in his good warm clothes,
 Passed her right by. How little he knows,
 When he prays for white robes his people to clad,
 That one of Christ's lambs wanders naked and sad.

Hundreds of children, by baptism given
 To the Good Shepherd who waiteth in Heaven,
 Sunday-school children who often rehearse
 "Suffer the children"—that dear little verse—
 All passed on their way; not one of them knew
 That she was one of Christ's little ones too.
 Not long ere the little girl passed from sight,
 Into an alley—where even the light
 Was ashamed to be found, and just gave one peep
 In the early dawn when the rich were asleep;
 Then up a rude staircase the tired feet sped,
 And she threw herself down on an old straw bed.

Down her pale cheeks fell the tears, one by one,
 As she said to herself: "Why, what have I done
 That I am a beggar, with my clothes all torn,
 My feet so cold, so weary, so worn;
 Tramping the streets from morning till night
 For a few little pennies to buy me a bite?"
 But the childish grief was soon forgot,
 For that sad little one, though she knew it not,

With tears in her eyes had fallen asleep,
And angels were watching, Christ's foundling to keep.
Yes, angels had come up those old back stairs,
And over Christ's little one watched unawares.

Sweet is the sleep of children, I ween,
In their warm little cribs, their faces just seen,
When nestled above the clothes tucked so tight,
With a kiss on the cheek of a mother's "Good-night."
But prettier far looked that dear little head,
When angels pillowed the old straw bed.
The morning grey through the dingy glass
Stole its faint rays—the night had passed.
The beggar girl woke: "Oh, mother dear!
Do you know somebody's been here?
Two smiling ones; they were dressed in white,
And round their heads they wore wreaths of light!

"They came in this room and they didn't seem hurt,
When their dresses swept through the sand and dirt;
And they passed not by like the ladies in town,
Holding their clothes lest they'd touch my gown.
And, mother, they bade me not beg to-day,
They are coming to-night to take me away.
They live in a place where the streets are all gold,
Where the children's feet never ache with the cold.
And they have to cross a river so wide,
For the city is built on the other side.
On their wings they'll carry me all the way,
So I'll not be tired, you know, to-day!

"They told me we'd pass through a pearly gate,
But I thought outside I'd have to wait,
For, mother, my clothes are all tattered and thin,
And I could not think they would let me in!
But the smiling ones said that a dress of white
Would be waiting for me when they came to-night."

And the little one waited, but not in vain,
 For, true to their promise, the angels came.
 Through the dark alley they softly stepped,
 While weary workers soundly slept,
 And they took from those haunts of woe and sin,
 One of Christ's little ones home to Him.

ANON.

THE PRICE HE PAID

I SAID I would have my fling,
 And do what a young man may,
 And I didn't believe a thing
 That the parsons have to say.
 I didn't believe in a God
 That gives us blood like fire,
 Then flings us into hell because
 We answer the call of desire.

And I said : " Religion is rot,
 And the laws of the world are nil ;
 For the bad man is he who is caught
 And cannot foot his bill.
 And there is no place called hell ;
 And heaven is only a truth
 When a man has his way with a maid,
 In the fresh, keen hour of youth."

.

So I had my joy of life :
 I went the pace of the town ;
 And then I took me a wife,
 And started to settle down.
 I had gold enough and to spare
 For all of the simple joys
 That belong with a house and a home
 And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
And virtue and spotless fame.
I gave in exchange my wealth
And a proud old family name.
And I gave her the love of a heart
Grown sated and sick of sin!
My deal with the devil was all cleaned up,
And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
And when in labour she cried,
With love and fear I was wild—
But now I wish she had died.
For the son she bore me was blind
And crippled and weak and sore,
And his mother was left a wreck—
It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the path I would go,
Yet no one told me a thing
Of what I needed to know.
Folks talk too much of a soul
From heavenly joys debarred—
And not enough of the babes unborn
By the sins of their fathers scarred.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

*Reprinted, by permission, from "Poems of Purpose," published
by Messrs Gay & Hancock, Ltd., London.*

THE DEEIN' BEGGAR

WHEN deep the snaw had wreathed the muir
An' the wintry win' was swellin',
The beggar, blin' an' auld an' puir,
Socht shelter in oor dwellin'.

Oh he had seen a better day
 Ere freen's an' fortune fled him,
 But noo nae freen' on the earth had he
 But the little doug that led him.

We took him frae the angry storm
 An' the cauld blast whaur we fand him ;
 We made his bed baith saft and warm
 An' we row'd his plaidie roond him.

You've kindly opened me your door,
 Sae sune as e'er ye heard me,
 Tho' I am auld an' blind an' puir—
 But heaven will yet reward ye.

Sae bring your bairnies here to me,
 Let nane o' them be missin',
 An' tho' I've naething mair to gie,
 They'll get an auld man's blessin'.

He blessed the bairnies ane by ane,
 "May puirtith ne'er oppress ye,"
 An' oh be guid whan I am gane,
 An' God hissel will bless ye.

You'll a' be kind to Collie here,
 An' share wi' him your coggie ;
 Sae fare ye well, my bairnies dear,
 An' my doggie ! Oh ! my doggie.

He turned him round, he spak nae mair,
 Nae kindness could restore him ;
 To God he breathed a silent prayer,
 An' the shades o' death cam' o'er him.

Adapted.

THE CALL OF THE WIND

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

THE wind still calls down the mountain pass,
It sighs like spirit spent,
It echoes the wail of a mortal cry
That screams despair to the blackened sky
As it whirls down the steep ascent.
I see the face of a girl, and alas!
I grope my way here, content.

I have killed a man on the mountain side,
He lays in a hut to the east.
And a woman tortured by shame and dread
To-night will murmur a prayer for my head,
And the world will be rid of a beast.
Alone with the wind and his soul he died,
A cur in the guise of a priest.

The girl she was young—it is ever the same—
With eyes that were deep and sincere.
The priest's desire was a sinful one
And the parents smiled—it had oft been done,
And why should they interfere?
But the girl was filled with loathing and shame:
She hid in her nameless fear.

He found her, hiding away out there,
She refused his desire again.
So he seized her tight in his ardent lust,
While she kicked and screamed in mad disgust,
But her cries were all in vain.
He carried her off up that rock-strewn stair
Till he came to his own domain.

This girl was an angel, her thoughts were as pure
As her soul was gentle and great.

We had pledged ourselves to a solemn vow
And should have been happily wed ere now,
Were it not for this trick of fate.
Now a pain that the years could never cure
Consumed me with rage and hate.

I searched for her over hill and dale,
Over mountain and crag and plain.
The parents said naught of the priest or church
And I broke my heart in a hopeless search,
I wore out my soul with pain.
I have passed thro' the years like a broken flail,
To be mended and used again.

He turned her out when her bloom was gone,
In the heart of this bitter gale.
As I passed on my way bowed down with care,
With her head in her hands I found her there,
Spent, broken and horribly pale—
A priceless gem, smirched and trampled on.
She told me her ghastly tale.

I could not see as to me she clung,
My fury had left me blind.
I stood on that path where but few have trod,
And I swore an unquenchable vow to God,
In the stress of my tortured mind.
It echoed and hung like a thing unstrung
In the call of the mountain wind.

I turned my steps up the path again
With the heart of a raging beast ;
I swore, as I trudged thro' the awful night,
This damnable crime the law would not right
Should be righted by me at least.
I would rid the world of a blot—a stain.
I knocked at the door of the priest.

"Would he come to a man in a dying state,
Who wished to confess his past?"
I invented a traveller taken ill,
But the priest refused, for the wind blew shrill,
And he shivered beneath its blast.
Then I told him the man was rich and great,
And he nodded assent at last.

As he came from the house with its glare of light,
In the gloom he could scarcely see.
I'd have killed him then, but my knife was
shut,
So he rode on my mule till we reached the
hut,
On the threshold he turned to me.
"There is death," he said, "in the wind to-night."
I said, "Death and Fatality."

As I locked the door he turned in doubt,
And the fear in his voice I heard.
"What does this mean?" and his colour fled.
"I am going to kill you, senor," I said.
And he knew that I meant each word.
I told him the tale of the girl without;
He went ashen, but never stirred.

When I moved towards him he screamed in dread,
Then he threatened, he pleaded, and swore.
"Let me see a priest ere I die," he moaned.
SO I PASSED HIM A MIRROR, he sobbed and
groaned,
And sank in a heap on the floor.
And he fought like a fiend till his breath had fled,
And I came out and barred the door.

.
The wind still calls, it will never rest,
And it sighs like a spirit spent.

It rises and falls on the startled air,
 With a scream of death that is ever there,
 While I stand on the steep ascent,
 To press a broken flower to my breast,
 And murmur a sigh of content.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

THE ORPHAN MAID

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away, November's sun-
 beam wan
 Looks coldly on the castle grey, when forth comes
 Lady Ann.

The orphan by the oak was set, her arms, her feet
 were bare,
 The hail-drops had not melted yet amid her raven
 hair.

"Good dame," she said, "by all the ties that child and
 mother know,
 Aid one who never knew those joys—relieve an
 orphan's woe."

The lady said: "An orphan's state is hard and sad
 to bear;
 Yet worse the widowed mother's fate, who mourns
 both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped since, when
 from vengeance wild
 Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled, Forth's eddies
 whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne," the
wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St Bridget's morn drew nets on
Campsie side.

"St Bridget sent no scaly spoil ; an infant, well-nigh
dead,
They saved and reared, in want and toil, to beg from
you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kissed : " My husband's
looks you bear ;
St Bridget and the morn be blessed ! You are his
widow's heir."

They've robed that maid so poor and pale, in silk and
sandals rare ;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail, are glistening in
her hair.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

NOT now, but in the coming years—
It may be in the better land—
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began ;
Heaven will the mystery explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all
Eludes so oft our eager hand ;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall.
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds, instead of sun,
 Were over many a cherished plan ;
 Why song had ceased when scarce begun ;
 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way ; He holds the key,
 He guides with unerring hand ;
 Sometime, with tearless eyes, we'll see ;
 Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all thy days ;
 Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand ;
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise ;
 Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

By arrangement.

JESSIE CAMERON

"JESSIE, Jessie Cameron,
 Hear me but this once," quoth he.
 "Good luck go with you, neighbour's son,
 But I'm no mate for you," quoth she.
 Day was verging toward the night
 There beside the moaning sea,
 Dimness overtook the light
 There where the breakers be.
 "O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
 I have loved you long and true."—
 "Good luck go with you, neighbour's son,
 But I'm no mate for you."

She was a careless, fearless girl,
 And made her answer plain,
 Outspoken she to earl or churl,
 Kind-hearted in the main,
 But somewhat heedless with her tongue
 And apt at causing pain ;
 A mirthful maiden she and young,
 Most fair for bliss or bane.

"Oh, long ago I told you so,
I tell you so to-day :
Go you your way, and let me go
Just my own free way."

The sea swept in with moan and foam
Quickening the stretch of sand ;
They stood almost in sight of home ;
He strove to take her hand.
"Oh, can't you take your answer then,
And won't you understand ?
For me you're not the man of men,
I've other plans I've planned.
You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
Or good for Kate, maybe :
But what's to me the good of this
While you're not good for me ?"

They stood together on the beach,
They two alone,
And louder waxed his urgent speech,
His patience almost gone :
"Oh, say but one kind word to me,
Jessie, Jessie Cameron."—
"I'd be too proud to beg," quoth she,
And pride was in her tone.
And pride was in her lifted head,
And in her angry eye,
And in her foot, which might have fled,
But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood,
That in his heart was guile :
Yet he had gone through fire and flood
Only to win her smile.
Some say his grandam was a witch,
A black witch from beyond the Nile,
Who kept an image in a niche
And talked with it the while.

And by her hut far down the lane
 Some say they would not pass at night,
 Lest they should hear an unked strain
 Or see an unked sight.

Alas, for Jessie Cameron!—

The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher,
 She should have hastened to begone—

The sea swept higher, breaking by her :
 She should have hastened to her home

While yet the west was flushed with fire,
 But now her feet are in the foam,

The sea-foam sweeping higher.
 O mother, linger at your door,
 And light your lamp to make it plain ;
 But Jessie she comes home no more,
 No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
 They only, each by each ;
 Home, her home, was close at hand,
 Utterly out of reach.

Her mother in the chimney nook
 Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
 But never turned her head to look
 Towards the darkening beach :
 Neighbours here and neighbours there
 Heard one scream, as if a bird
 Shrilly screaming cleft the air :
 That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,
 Comes home never ;
 Her lover's step sounds at his door
 No more for ever.
 And boats may search upon the sea
 And search along the river,
 But none know where the bodies be :
 Sea-winds that shiver,

Sea-birds that breast the blast,
Sea-waves swelling,
Keep the secret first and last
Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
With its pitiless flow,
That when they would have gone they found
No way to go ;
Whether she scorned him to the last
With words flung to and fro,
Or clung to him when hope was past,
None will ever know :
Whether he helped or hindered her,
Threw up his life or lost it well,
The troubled sea for all its stir
Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
Have thought they heard one pray
Wordless, urgent ; and replying
One seem to say him nay :
And watchers by the dead have heard
A windy swell from miles away,
With sobs and screams, but not a word
Distinct for them to say :
And watchers out at sea have caught
Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
Come and gone as quick as thought,
Which might be hand or hair.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

*From "The Poems" of Christina G. Rossetti,
by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*

THE TWO ORPHANS

'YES, sir; we lived home till our mother died,
 'N' I'd go a-walkin' with Jim, 'cause he cried
 Till night-time 'ud come, 'n' we'd go up to bed
 An' bofe say the prayers 'at she taught us to said—
 Didn't we, Jim?

"'N' pa ud stay late, 'n' we used to call
 'Cause we thought we heard 'im downstairs in the
 hall;
 An' when he came home once he fell on the floor,
 'N' we run'd an' hid behind ma's bedroom door—
 Didn't we, Jim?

"She told us, our ma did, when she's sick in bed,
 'N' out of the Bible some verses she read,
 To never touch wine an' some more I can't think,
 But the last words she said was to never to drink—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"But our other ma, what our pa brought home
 there,
 She whipped little Jim 'cause he stood on a chair
 'N' kissed our ma's picture that hung on the wall,
 'N' struck me for not doin' nothin' at all—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"She said 'at we never had no bringin' up,
 'N' stayed round the house 'n' et everything up,
 'N' said 'at we couldn't have no more to eat,
 'N' all 'at we's fit fer was out in the street—
 Didn't she, Jim?

"We said 'at we hated her—didn't we, Jim?
 But our pa—well, we didn't say nothin' to him,

But just took ma's picture an' bofe run'd away,
'N' that's what Jim's cryin' 'bout, out here to-day—
Didn't we, Jim?

"Mister, don't feel bad, 'cause Jim's cryin', too,
Fer we're goin' to hunt 'n' git somethin' to do;
'Cause our ma 'at died said to work an' to pray
'N' we'd all be together in glory some day—
Didn't she, Jim?"

BEN KING.

THE SPARROW'S CREED

THREE little sparrows in the snow
Just on the sill,
Who came almost an hour ago,
And wait there still.

They look inside and peck the pane,
The sparrow's prayer.
They look and peck, and wait again,
What do I care?

Have I not prayed and been denied,
Met no reply?
Why should the birds be satisfied
Sooner than I?

Why should I heed their hungry plea
For crumbs or crust?
I will give them when God gives me,
And that is just.

But not a sparrow leaves its place
Upon the snow.
They look inside with eager face,
But will not go.

They are so sure that I will hear
Who heard before.
Having received, they feel no fear
In asking more.

You gave us once, their glances say,
And will again.
And still they watch and wait and pray
Outside the pane.

My hungry heart and selfish will
Are brought to bay
By sparrows on the window sill
More wise than they.

I ask, then murmur, then despair.
They ask and wait,
Sure of an answer to their prayer
Early or late.

The doubting shadows turn and flee,
My eyes grow dim.
Shall sparrows have more faith in me
Than I in Him?

Whose loving kindness made me whole
In all the past.
Whose bounty has endowed my soul
From first to last.

I scatter out the food they ask
With lavish hand.
Their creed it is an easy task
To understand.

Pray and wait, and wait and pray,
Sure of reply ;
And Faith comes back to her olden sway,
Though happy sparrows fly away
Fuller than I.

REBECCA EASTERBROOKS.

*From "The Bottom Plank of Mental Healing,"
by permission of The Power Book Co.*

DARK DAYS

"COME in, come in, sir ; it's blowin' a perfect gale to-night.
Hang your coat up by the door, then come to the fire
—that's right—
Things is kinder untidy—haven't much furniture yet ;
But the shack is shelter, at least, from the wind, and
snow, and wet !
Yes, times is hard, an' I rec'on there won't be much
to show
For our last year's work on the farm, with the price
of wheat so low.
An' the wife's bin sick a long time—had the lay-grip
real bad.
Got kinder all tuckered out—bin workin' too hard, she
had.
I've jist bin fetchin' the doctor—that's him now gone
upstairs.
He didn't ask for cash right now, or inquire about my
affairs.
Ef he had, the Lord knows what I'd 'a' done—we
haven't any, you see.
There's no one here to do the work but Sue an' baby
an' me.

Hadn't no money to hire a girl. She tried to manage alone.

Terr'ble hard on her, it was—she's just wasted to skin an' bone.

She'd a good home in Ontairy—never had to work so hard ;

Not to work, as she's done out here, in house an' stable an' yard.

It's rough on a man, this climate, when poorly clothed an' fed,

An' housed in a shack so cold that the breath smokes round your head.

Gosh ! an' I couldn't help it. I would have to go to town

With a load of wood er hay for Smith er Jones er Brown.

Tryin' to earn a dollar er two, to keep the wolf from the door

An' buy the things we needed, cos we couldn't git tick at the store.

A' while I was away she'd have to look after the stock,

Chop out the water-hole at the crick when 'twas frozen up like a rock.

Drive the cattle to water—an' she only a little thing—Hardly up to my shoulder, yet she would laugh an' sing

An' try to make light of her labour, because it worried me !

But it told on me, all the same, an' now she's down, you see.

I'm terr'ble anxious to hear what the doctor'll have to say.

'Course, it's only a cold—she'll be up in another day.

But it's so queer not to see her round—nervous-like, I feel.

Ef times jis wasn't so hard, I'd make some kind of a deal

An' git her East to her folks—jis wouldn't that be a surprise!
But I'm helpless with these mortgages—chattel and otherwise.—
Well, doctor, how does she seem? Guess I was wrong in my head
To be so scared this mornin', doctor.—My God, she's dead!"

ANON.

DIDN'T THINK O' LOSIN' HIM

ALWAYS wuz abusin' him—
Rough an' rougher usin' him,
Love an' all refusin' him,
 Though his tears 'u'd fall.
Didn't think o' losin' him—
 Not at all!

He, poor feller, he'd jest sigh,
With a waterin' o' the eye—
Say: "It's all my fault," an' try
 T' stave 'em off awhile.
"Some day I'll lay down an' die—
 Then they'll smile."

An' he did. God's sometimes heap
Kinder ter his poor lost sheep
Than the ones 'at has their keep.
 So, one darkened day,
He jest told him: "Go to sleep,"
 In His own kind way.

Then the poor, sad, tearful eyes
Smiled their thanks to God's own skies

With a kind o' sweet surprise—
 An' the heart grewed still.
 Said one of 'em : " Thar he lies ;
 'Tis God's will."

Always wuz abusin' him—
 Rough an' rougher usin' him,
 Love an' all refusin' him,
 Though his tears 'u'd fall.
 Didn't think o' losin him—
 Not at all !

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE MASTER OF RAVEN'S WOE

THE wail of a woman's voice,
 And the cry of a new-born child—
 The snowy drifts were eddying far,
 The night was bitter and wild ;
 And ever above the wind there came,
 And over the snowdrifts piled,
 The wail of a weary woman's voice,
 The cry of a little child.

In his large arm-chair the master sat
 And cowered above the flame,
 For he heard the wail of that weary voice,
 And he knew that it called his name.
 And it smote his soul with a deadly chill,
 Though the fire was blazing high,
 Though the curtains close were shutting out
 The strife of the troubled sky.

In his large arm-chair he sat, and gazed
 On the fire with reddened eyes ;
 And ever along the wind there came
 Those strange, unearthly cries.

And he shouted, "Keep the woman out!—
Let her not come in, I say!"—
While the servants shuddering in the hall
Were like enough to obey.

"By God!" he muttered, "am I a babe
To be scared by a coward's fear?
'Tis a roughish night, 'tis a dismal wind,
Yet the dead cannot come here."
But ever above the storm there came,
And over the snowdrifts piled,
The wail of a weary woman's voice,
The cry of a little child.

"Let her not come in!" he shouted again,
While the women shrieked with fear,
For that dreary cry on the driving gust
Seemed coming terribly near;
And he drew his chair more close to the blaze,
And cursed the wind as it blew,
But the wind laughed loud in the creaking panes
At the secrets that it knew.

Nearer and nearer the crying came,
Till it seemed at the very door;
And the master quailed as he heard the voice,
And cursed and muttered the more.
Then a bitter gust of the howling wind
Along the corridor passed,
And the door was suddenly driven wide
With a blow of the icy blast.

From his huge arm-chair the master sprang
With the cry of a frightened hound;
And he faced to the door where the woman stood
In the snowflakes eddying round.

Her face was pale as a face long dead,
 A ghastly, terrible white ;
 No word she spake, but her eyes shone forth
 With a strange, unearthly light.

None other saw what the master saw,
 None other heard what he heard ;
 None other knew what the master knew,
 In the shadows chill and blurred.
 But there in his bitter trial's hour
 He stood with madden'd dread—
 Alone with the ghost of a bygone deed,
 Alone with the risen dead.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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THE KEY

THE strong man bowed his head,
 In agony of soul he wept,
 And prayed as our dear Lord
 Had prayed, when His disciples slept.
 The altar lights burned low ;
 Without the church the harvest moon
 Shone forth, piercing the gloom
 Within, and on the priest alone.

A halo gathered round
 That saintly form on bended knee,
 Near by an angel stood
 And held within his hand a key.
 A voice of wondrous tone
 Broke through the stillness of the night.
 "Be of good cheer," it said,
 "The darkness soon will turn to light.

"The way of Calvary
Is rough, but you have played your part,
Bearing with Him the cross,
Now rest within His sacred heart.
Those tears for sinners shed,
And prayers that from your soul outpour,
Have gained for you a just
Reward, the Key to Heaven's Door."

ENID BAIRD,
By kind permission.

NO TELEPHONE IN HEAVEN

"NOW I can wait on baby," the smiling merchant said
As he stopped and softly toyed with the golden,
curly head.

"I want 'oo to tall up mamma," came the answer, full
and free,

"Wif yo' telephone, an' ast her when she's tummin'
back to me.

"Tell her I so lonesome 'at I don't know what to do,
An' papa cries so much I dess he must be lonesome
too;

Tell her to tum to baby, tause at night I dit so 'fraid,
Wif nobody here to tiss me, when de light bedins to
fade.

"All froo de day I wants her, for my dolly's dot so
tored

Fum de awful punchin' Buddy gave it wif his little
sword;

An' ain't nobody to fix it since mamma went away,
An' poor 'ittle lonesome dolly's dittin' thinner ever'
day."

"My child," the merchant murmured, as he stroked
 the anxious brow,
 "There's no telephone connection where your mother
 lives at now."
 "Ain't no telephone in heaven?" and tears sprang to
 her eyes.
 "I fought dat God had ever'fing wif Him up in de
 skies."

ANON.

THE VAGABOND

DUN' 'no' at all about the "what an' why,"
 Can't say I ever know'd ;
 Heaven is to me a fair blue stretch o' sky ;
 Earth's just a dusty road.

Dun' 'no' the names o' things and what they are ;
 Can't say's I ever will.
 Dun' 'no' 'bout God—He's just the noddin' star
 A'top the windy hill.

Dun' 'no' 'bout Life, it's just a tramp alone
 From wakin' time till doss.
 Dun' 'no' 'bout Death, it's just a quiet stone
 All over grey wi' moss.

And why I lives and why this old world spins
 Are things I never know'd ;
 My mark's the gipsy fires—the lonely inns,
 And still the dusty road.

ROGER QUIN.
By kind permission.

THE DREAM SHIP

I USED to dream in the days gone by
Of some ship on a far-off sea,
That was sailing home from distant lands
With riches and fame for me.
I used to dream of the things I'd do,
The places to which I'd roam,
The things I'd see, and the things I'd buy
On the day that my ship came home.

But the days slipped by, and she never arrived,
And I think that I railed at fate.
Yet railing, still dreamed of a luck that would turn,
And turning, put all things straight.
Anxiously watching the vessels that rode
On the crest of the white-capped foam,
Waiting, full many a weary day,
For a ship that never came home!

Dear old ship, you are still on the ocean!
You're a long way overdue!
But I've had other ships come home since then,
And I don't think I fret for you!
For they've brought me things no money can buy
And they've built a new world for me.
So, all things considered, perhaps it is best
That you have remained at sea!

VALENTINE.

*Specially written for this Volume.
By kind permission of the Author.*

ROCK OF AGES

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Thoughtlessly a maiden sang ;
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
 Sung as little children sing,
 Sung as sing the birds in June,
 Fell the words like light leaves sown
 On the current of the tune :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Felt her soul no need to hide,
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside ;
 All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care,
 Dreaming not that each might be
 On some other lips a prayer :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
 'Twas a woman sung them now,
 Thoughtfully and pleadingly,
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wings the air ;
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer :
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
 Lips grown aged sung them now,
 Trustingly and tenderly ;
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

Trembling though the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully,

As a river in its flow ;

Sung as only they can sing

Who life's thorny ways have pressed ;

Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest :

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me—

Sung above a coffin lid ;

Underneath so restfully,

All life's cares and sorrows hid ;

Nevermore, oh storm-tossed soul,

Nevermore from wind and tide,

Nevermore from billows roll

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,

Closed beneath the soft grey hair,

Could thy mute and stiffened lips

Move again in pleading prayer ;

Still, aye still, the song would be :

Let me hide myself in Thee.

ANON.

TAM I' THE KIRK

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congrega-
tion,

Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron
mou',

When abody's thocht is set on his ain salvation,
Mine's set on you.

There's a red rose lies on the Buik o' the Word afore
 ye
 That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day;
 But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the morning's
 glory,
 He canna' pray.

He canna' pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed
 him,
 Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',
 For nane but the red rose kens what my lassie gi'ed
 him,
 It, an' us twa.

He canna' sing for the sang that his ain heart raises;
 He canna' see for the mist that's afore his een,
 And a voice drowns the hale o' the psalms and the
 paraphrases,
 Cryin, "Jean—Jean—Jean."

VIOLET JACOB.

"Songs of Angus." By kind permission.

SCANDAL

A WOMAN to a holy father went,
 Confession of her sins was her intent;
 And so her misdemeanours, great and small,
 She faithfully rehearsed them all;
 And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
 She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
 And borne a bit of scandal up and down
 To all the long-tongued gossips of the town.
 The holy father, for her other sin,
 Granted the absolution asked of him;
 But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
 He told her this offence was very grave,

And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside, where the thistles grow ;
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seeds ; and that when this was done
She must come back again another day
To tell him : his commands she must obey.
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well,
Next day, but one, she went the priest to tell.
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, " There's something still for you to
do :

Those little thistle seeds which you have sown
I bid you to regather every one."
The woman said, " But, father, 'twould be vain
To try to gather up these seeds again ;
The winds have scattered them, both far and
wide,
O'er the meadowed vale and mountain side."
The father answered, " May I hope from this,
The lesson I have taught you will not miss ;
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which, far and wide, will grow to noxious weeds ;
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone.

ANON.

A LIQUID PEARL

OH ! I donno the darkness from mornin' light,
Nor mid-day from twilight dim,
Till the sisters' voices, so clear an' bright,
Are raised in the vesper 'ymn ;
For the Bosches they didn' 'arf do it slick,
W'en they put it acrost me 'ead—
They just put out me eyes, an' snuffed me wick
W'en they sent me ter Blighty—an' bed !

But just w'en the pain was the 'ottest 'ell
 A lady sits down by me cot,
 An' the touch ov cool fingers soon made me well,
 For me pore 'ead no longer was 'ot.
 She took 'old ov me 'and, an' she w'ispered low,
 Like the sound ov an angel's song :
 " Gawd 'elp you, pore chap! It is 'ard, I know,
 But the pain will be passin' ere long ;

" An' there's 'appiness, even for you, at larst,
 W'en the clouds won't be allus so black !
 Gawd keep you, an' grant, w'en your sufferin's
 past,
 A share ov life's sweetest things back !"
 An' sudden, like dew at the dawnin' ov day,
 There splashed on me ole, mangled cheek,
 A big pearly tear ov sweet sympathy,
 An'—so 'elp me, boys, I couldn't speak !

An' she soon passed away, but I 'eard a bloke say :
 " It's 'er Majesty, boys! It's the Queen !"
 Well! that knocked me as silly as any 'ole jay,
 But I thanked Gawd that I 'adn't seen ;
 For she knoo I woz blind, an' 'er 'eart was so kind
 That she gave me that pearl that's so dear.
 No such treasure again on this earth will I find,
 As that gem wivout price—just a tear !

GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

By kind permission.

TODDLES

(To Nancy)

COME, Vagrant Muse! let's lilt a lay
 To Toddles, dear wee Toddles ;
 Oh! lease me on the happy day,
 When first I saw ye, Toddles ;

Pattering with paws that never tire,
Roon' "Cinderella" by the fire,
The sicht wad ony bard inspire
Tae pen a verse tae Toddles!

Whaur were ye born? In Lilliput?
Oh teeny, weeny Toddles;
Ye're just an animated smut;
Sae black's ye're coatie, Toddles;
O' poms, ye shairly rank the least,
A perfect nievefu' o' a beast,
Yet there's a heart within ye're briest,
Wee rampin', kindly Toddles!

Affection's shinin' in ye're een,
Perplexin', pawky Toddles;
There's humour, sense, an' wisdom keen
In ilka glance o' Toddles;
The canine wishes, hopes, an' fears
Speak in ye're twitchin' stumps o' ears,
An' when fair Nancy's form appears
A prood, prood dog is Toddles!

When next ye nestle on her knee,
Oh enviable Toddles!
Convey a wireless wish frae me
In ye're ain lingo, Toddles;
That when she leaves her faither's care,
Anither's hoose an' hame tae share,
May health an' happiness be there,
An' her wee comrade, Toddles.

Your gentle mistress lo'es you weel,
Wee Toddles, lucky Toddles;
Ye're sic a fussy, dear wee deil,
She canna' help it, Toddles;

When by yersel's, naebody near,
 She doubtless whispers in ye're ear
 The name o' ane what's very dear,
 An' shares her heart wi' Toddles!

An' when in peacefu' years to come,
 Wee petted, pampered Toddles;
 Bring dearest pets to her new home
 To steal her love from Toddles;
 When happy youngsters, sweet an' fair,
 Are rompin' roon' their grandad's chair,
 May he, the Actor, stootly swear:
 "Ye mauna' tease Auld Toddles!"

ROGER QUIN.

By arrangement with Mr Sturrock Campbell.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

*WHAT can a little chap do
 For his country and for you?
 What CAN a little chap do?*

He can play a straight game all through;—
 That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a Knight
 For the Truth and the Right;—
 That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
 He can keep himself clean,
 Both without and within;—
 That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face ;
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight ;—
Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
If he keep himself true
He can march in the queue
Of the Good and the Great,
Who battled with fate
And won through ;—
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And—in each little thing
He can follow THE KING,
Yes—in each smallest thing
He can follow THE KING,—
He can follow THE CHRIST, THE KING.

JOHN OXENHAM.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE ACTOR'S GIFT

IN Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
 Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
 Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
 The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and
 smiled

To see behind its eyes a noble soul ;
 He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
 This chance of pearl to do another good ;
 So he waited, sorry to refuse

The asked-for penny, then aside he stood,
 And, with his hat held as by limb the nest,
 He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
 Of commerce where the singer stood was filled,
 And many paused, and, listening, paused again
 To hear the voice that through and through them
 thrilled ;

I think the guardian angel helped along
 That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there
 Before the church ; and overhead the spire,
 A slim, perpetual finger in the air
 Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
 As though an angel, pointing up, had said,
 "Yonder a crown awaits the singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
 Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
 Her kiss upon the hand of help. 'Twas noon,
 And noon in her glad heart drove forth her tears.
 The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought
 "Men will not know by whom this deed was
 wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage.

Cheer after cheer went up from that wild throng,
And flowers rained on him. Nought could assuage

The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

Oh! cramped and narrow is the man who lives

Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joy a good deed gives,
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his band of fate outrun;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,

And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart. Its kind deeds shine afar,
And glow in gold in God's great book on high;
And he who does what good he can each day
Makes smooth and green, and strews with flowers, his
way.

ANON.

A PASSWORD

HAVE you got a new idea?—

Pass it on!

Tho' it doesn't seem worth while,

Pass it on . . .

It may fall on fallow soil, all prepared for fertile
seeds;

It may be the inspiration that the other fellow
needs;

It may broaden his horizon—spur him on to greater
deeds;

If you've got a new idea—

Pass it on!

If you have a knotty problem—

Pass it on!

Don't give up or lose your grip—

Pass it on . . .

Tho' the question may have stumped you or the
ghost be hard to lay,

It may strike the other fellow in a very different
way ;

And the answer that eludes you may stand out as
clear as day.

When you think you're "up against it"—

Pass it on!

ERNEST B. MCCREADY.

THE ETERNAL QUEST

I SOUGHT for peace amid the throng
That follows fast the syren's song ;
In pleasure's halls I vainly strove
To rest my soul on passing love ;
And for an hour of song I seemed
To gain the heaven of love I dreamed,
When passing, like a summer's day,
It bore my hope of peace away.

I sought in war, in war to find
Some vent to ease my troubled mind,
Where in the rage of sword and fire
I might forget my soul's desire ;
And for awhile, amid the fray
I laughed the thought of peace away,
When passing, like a wintry wind,
It left my saddened soul behind.

I left the scenes where rivals meet
And sought the soul's serene retreat,
Where holy choirs, with songs, upraise,
Uplift the soul to prayer and praise.
And now I know the joy is mine,
That flowing from a love divine,
When pleasures cloy and passions cease,
Shall lull my soul to perfect peace !

ALFRED H. MILES.

By permission of the Author.

LIGHTLY SPOKEN

JUST what is happening every day :
A gathering cloud on a sunny way,
All the fault of a careless word,
Lightly spoken and dumbly heard,
Feathered shaft with a fatal art,
Winging its path to a tender heart.

Strange how often we wound our own,
Scornful of glance and bitter of tone ;
Strange how loosely in hand we hold
Treasures of peace more worth than gold,
When, half in earnest and half in jest,
We grieve and hurt whom we love the best.

Little it matters which was wrong
If the discord drop in the tuneful song.
Little it matters which was right
If the shadow blot the household light.
When both are hasty and each is proud,
Both are to blame for the passing cloud.

Then let it pass : 'tis the wiser way
To kiss and be friends, nor mar the day
With the evil blight of a bootless strife,
To stain the spirit and dim the life ;
Let the lips that breathed and the ears that heard
Take heed henceforth of the thoughtless word.

ANON.

II. Poetical—Humorous

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH

I'd like to be a cowboy, an' ride a fiery hoss
 'Way out into the big and boundless West ;
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come
 across,
An' I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest !
 With my pistols at my side
 I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I
 ride—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
 An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw !
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
 An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw !
 I'd chase the pizen snakes
 And the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

I would I were a pirut, to sail the ocean blue,
 With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead ;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut
 crew,
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red !
 With my cutlass in my hand,
 On the quarterdeck I'd stand,
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
 If I darst ; but I darsen't !

And if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's
licked me !

I'd lick my brother an' my teacher too ;
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through !

You bet ! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' teaze the cat, an' kiss the
girls all day—

If I darst ; but I darsen't !

EUGENE FIELD.

By kind permission of Mr John Lane, Publisher.

THE PROBLEM

THE best o' bein' a bachelor
Is the fash that ye dinna' gie ;
For naebody frets about how ye get on,
Or greets very sair when ye dee.
The best o' bein' a marriest man—
There's ane ye hae aye at your ca ;
To do a bit darnin' and look for your specs,
And thinks ye nae bother ava.

The warst o' bein' a bachelor,
Ye're just like a cow among corn ;
It's fine—but ye ken that ye sudna' be there ;
It wisna' for that ye were born.
The warst o' bein' a marriest man.
Is just that ye aye hae a wife
To girn about pickles o' snuff on your coat,
For the term o' your natural life.

There's this about bein' a bachelor—
It maun be the best o' the twa ;
For frae a' we hear tell o' the angels in heaven,
There's nane o' them marriest ava—

But then there's the chance, wi' a marriet man—
It's this mak's a body sae fain—
O' catchin' a bonnie wee angel down here,
And startin' a heaven o' your ain.

I've coontit it up, I've coontit it down,
But there seems to be nae ither plan—
Than just to keep bidin' a bachelor ;
Or else be a marriet man.

*From poems by WALTER WINGATE.
By kind permission of the Publishers,
Gowans & Gray, Glasgow.*

OUR QUEER LANGUAGE

WE'LL begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes ;
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You will find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice ;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen.
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a brow if repeated, is never called brine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would the pair be called beet.
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth ;
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese ;
Then one would be that, and two would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats and not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say mothren ;
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim ;
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the greatest language you ever did see.

ANON.

THE MAN WHO WAITED

(A Tea-shop Tragedy)

MOODY and silent he sat alone ;
Alone in a chattering crowd
Of jovial people who laughed and joked
While his misery cried aloud.

Suddenly up through the crowded hall,
With a smile on her bright young face,
The being for whom he waited and longed
Came tripping with infinite grace.

She gave a smile here and a merry word there
As he watched her with eager eyes ;
Would the sight of him bring remembrance to her,
Would she know him again? he sighs.

Just one little word was all he desired,
Just a tremulous "Yes!" that was all.
How long he had waited he dared not think.
Would she come if he dared to call?

My God! how he longed for a chance to speak
Of the wish that was next his heart ;
To tell her the thing that he most desired
Ere the time came for them to part.

Nearer and nearer to him she came ;
His suspense was too great to be borne.
Would she pass him by, as she'd done before ?
Would she treat his desire with scorn ?

If she passed him by—no ! it must not be !
For his time was fast drawing near.
He must let her know his one last wish,
That each moment became more dear.

Oh ! joy of joy ! she had seen him at last,
And bending her golden head,
Softly whispered "Yes?" In an eager voice,
"Apple tart, if you please, miss !" he said.

JAMES J. HANNON.

By kind permission.

A PARTING

WE parted in darkness, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river.
See there the fragrant lime its boughs unite ;
We came and we parted for ever.
The night wind sang and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of things gone past to that kingdom of love,
Where the pall wears its mantle of glory.
Lamenting along in the pale moonlight,
Gloomy and thoughtful, silent as night ;
Then slowly and sadly, yet kindly, I said :
"To-night thou shalt sleep in the river bed.
Ha ! Ha ! I've got thee now !
This night—this very hour—thou shalt die—
No soul shall hear thy cry !"

In a moment the horrid deed was done—
 A splash in that lonely river.
 Ah, then I knew that I stood alone,
 My victim has vanished for ever.
 And now on the midnight sky I look,
 Does my heart grow faint and weary?
 Is each star to me a kindled book
 Some tale of the drowned one keeping?

.

We parted in darkness, we parted by night,
 By the banks of that lonely river;
 But do I care a jot or do I shed a tear—
 The old Tom Cat is gone for ever!

ANON.

THE STORY OF ST PIRAN

(A Cornish Tradition)

'Tis the legend of old Perranzabuloe,
 On the Cornish coast where the sand-storms blow.

In those good times of myth and of dream,
 Of giant and pixy and Cornish cream,

The beautiful Duchy, I'm much afraid,
 Had not many saints that were quite home-made.

St Piran himself, of blessed fame,
 Sure 'twas from County of Cork he came.

He lived in a time when the Irish folk
 Thought of breaking of heads was a capital joke.

Now Piran hadn't a word to say
 'Gainst breaking a head in a casual way;

But at last things grew to a pass so bad
That he cried, "Be aisy now—stop it, bedad!"

Said they, "Begorra, an' what are ye sayin'?—
Och, but a saint should be afther his prayin'.

"But sure if it's marthyrdom ye would be at,
We are the bhoys to obleege ye in that."

So they tied the saint to a millstone strong;
To the top of a hill they dragged him along.

"Ye'll be wishing bad luck to the dhrop," said they;
"Go on wid your praichin' now—out in the say."

They rolled the stone over the cliff so steep,
Down where the waters were cruel and deep;

But as soon as it touched on the top of the say
It steadied and floated as nice as could be.

Said Piran, "I'm shaking your dust from me shoes"
(Though never a shoe did the good man use).

"It's demaning to spake to sich blackguards," he said;
So he turned to a drop of the crayter instead.

(Fir he'd wisely concealed in a fold of his vest
A choice little flask of the Irish best.)

"And sure 'tis to Cornwall I'm going to-day,
And wanting a something for sich a long way."

Now when the crowd saw that the saint wasn't drowned,
But sailed on the millstone quite happy and sound,

Said they, "'Tis the howly man floats on a stone."
And were straightway converted with many a groan.

But Piran sailed on till he came to that bay
Where the sand-heaps are drifting about to this day.

And with such little Latin as Piran did know
He said, "This is Piran-in-sabulo."

He got off his millstone and murmured a grace ;
And "Arrah," he said, "'tis an illigant place.

"A little too much o' the sand, maybe,
And a little too much o' the wet," said he.

"'Tis murther thrying to find one's way ;
I'm almost wishing I'd stopped at say."

And so he walked and wandered and ran,
Till he came to a hermit Cornishman.

He wished him most kindly the top of the day :
"Troth, I'm St Piran from over the way."

"You're a dacent bhoy," said the saint most sweetly,
"And a howly man," he added discreetly.

"I'm only axing a sup and a bite,
And a shake of straw for me bed the night."

So the pair of saints hobnobbed together,
And grumbled a bit at the Cornish weather.

Said Piran, "I've something to kape out the wet ;
'Tis a dhrop of the Oirish best, me pet."

But the Cornish saint looked a little awry
Out of the corner of his eye ;

So he added, afraid of a wrong solution,
"I'm ordered a dhrop for me constitution ;

"'Tis not as biverage, sure, that I take,
But arrah, me health is so mortal wake."

The Cornishman coughed, and then murmured "Aw
I reckon I'll try just a lil' bit mysel', [well,

"For I get the rheumatic so terrible bad";
Said Piran, "Rheumatic's the divel, me lad!"

They swallowed in turns, so that by-and-bye
The neat little flagon was quite drained dry.

The saint held it lovingly up to his lip;
"Bad cess to it thin, but I've had the last dhrrip.

"Niver mind, me riverend friend," he said,
"It's me that knows how the crayter is made."

They piled the stones that lay within reach,
And gathered the driftwood from off the beach;

And Piran said, "If the powers be willin',
We'll do a nate little bit o' distillin'."

The fire was lit and the barley was brought,
And St Piran did all that he had been taught.

But lo and behold, when the stones grew hot
A stream of white metal ran out on the spot.

Cried Piran, "By all powers, Amin!
Bedad if we haven't discovered Tin!"

"Whirrish and whirroo! me riverend brother,
How one good thing may lead to another!"

And that is why Piran, the truth to say,
Is the miners' saint to this very day.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From "West-Country Verses." Blackwood.

By kind permission.

NOT IN IT

THEY built a church at his very door—

“He wasn’t in it.”

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—

“He wasn’t in it.”

Let them work for themselves, as he had done,

They wouldn’t ask help from any one

If they hadn’t wasted each golden minute—

“He wasn’t in it.”

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—

“He wasn’t in it.”

When men in the halls of virtue met

He saw their goodness without regret ;

Too high the mark for him to win it—

“He wasn’t in it.”

A carriage crept down the street one day—

“He was in it.”

The funeral trappings made a display—

“He was in it.”

St Peter received him with book and bell ;

“My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute.”

“He was in it !”

ANON.

THE HUSBAND’S PETITION

COME hither, my heart’s darling, come sit upon my
knee,

And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee.

I feel a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire,

That glows beneath my bosom, like coals of kindled fire.

Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly thus I
speak,

I feel thy arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek :
I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with
mine—

I know my soul's emotion is doubtly felt by thine.
And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my
love :

No, sweet, my love is shadowless, as yonder heaven
above !

Oh, then, do not deny me my first and fond request :
I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best,
By that great vow which bound thee for ever to my side,
And by the ring that made thee my darling and my
bride !

Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the
task——

Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask !

BON GAULTIER BALLADS.

THE MAISTER

HE gi'ed us Scripture names to spell,
But what they meant we couldna' tell ;
He maybe didna' ken hissel'—
The maister.

What funny dogs we used to draw
Upon oor sklates, an' ships, an' a',
Till keekin' roond, wi' fright we saw—
The maister.

He gi'ed oor lugs a fearfu' pu',
Said he would skelp us black an' blue ;
I doot he wadna' try that noo—
The maister.

We mind them weel—his lang black tawse,
They nappit sair like partens' claws ;
A crabbit little man he was—
The maister.

He birl'd me roond like Nannie's wheel,
Said he was telt tae lick me weel ;
He seemed tae like tae hear me squeal—
The maister.

His plump, roond cheeks as red's the rose,
His twinklin' een an' redder nose
Showed that he suppit mair than brose—
The maister.

He opened aye the schule wi' prayer,
An' psalms an' questions gi'd us mair
Than what we thocht was proper there—
The maister.

An' after time an' siller spent,
We left as wise as when we went ;
It wasna' muckle that he kent—
The maister.

It's forty years noo since that day,
An' Time, wha's besom's aye at play,
'Mang other things, has soopt away—
The maister.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

By kind permission of Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.

IN THE CAR

ONE day I observed in a crowded horse-car,
 A lady was standing. She had ridden quite far,
 And seemed much disposed to indulge in a frown,
 As nobody offered to let her sit down.
 And many there sat who, to judge by their dress,
 Might a gentleman's natural instincts possess,
 But who, judged by their acts, make us firmly believe
 That appearances often will sadly deceive.
 There were some most intently devouring the news,
 And some thro' the windows enjoying the views;
 And others indulged in a make-believe nap,
 While the lady still stood holding on by the strap.
 At last a young Irishman, fresh from the "sod,"
 Arose with a smile and most comical nod,
 Which said quite as plain as in words could be stated
 That the lady should sit in the place he'd vacated.
 "Excuse me," said Pat, "that I caused you to wait
 So long before offerin' to give you a sate,
 But in troth I was only just waitin' to see
 If there wasn't more gintlemin here beside me."

Adapted.

LINES FROM THE EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK

I AM nae poet in a sense,
 But just a rhymer like by chance,
 And hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin'
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',
 And there was muckle fun and jokin'
 Ye needna' doubt.
 At length we had a hearty yokin'
 At sang about.

There was ae sang among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addressed
 To some sweet wife ;
It thrilled the heart-strings through the breast
 A' to the life.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
And say, how can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To make a sang ?
But by your leave, my learned foes,
 You're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon at your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars ?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoos,
 Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashies
Confuse their brains in college classes,
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak ;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus,
 By dint o' Greek.

Gi'e me a spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then though I drudge through dub and mire,
 At pleuch or cart,
My Muse, though homely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE EXTRA LARGE PAN-DROP

WHEN plagued by hunger, cold, or thirst,
Or by some dire misfortune cursed,
Pray let your flow of language stop,
And try an extra large pan-drop.

If hungry, after such a meal,
Your drooping spirits soon you'll feel
Ascending rapidly so high
That they will almost reach the sky.

Or when in cold you sadly shiver,
When just emerging from the river,
A giant drop will make you warm,
And save you afterwards from harm.

Or when afflicted by a thirst,
And with the heat you're like to burst,
Oh do not rush for ginger-pop,
But take an extra large pan-drop.

If in sea-sickness prone you lie,
Caused by the sea, or too much pie,
A giant drop will bring relief,
And quickly chase away your grief.

Or when in sickness worse by far
Than when you smoked your first cigar,
I mean when love's sweet pain doth come
And strike you with confusion dumb,

The question you're afraid to pop,
Then take, oh take a large pan-drop,
For it fresh courage will impart
To win the wilful maiden's heart.

And afterwards, when marriage bliss
Succeeds the matrimonial kiss,
And your good-wife in piercing tones
Orders about your weary bones,

Then quickly take a large pan-drop
And in her open mouth it pop.
Soon it will give you sweet release,
And for a time you'll rest in peace.

When tiresome infants wail and cry,
And through the night you vainly try
To snatch an hour of restful sleep,
But still your eyelids open keep,

I think I can commend a cure,
Forever certain, ever sure—
Don't hesitate their mouths to stop
With this unparalleled pan-drop.

And here the wondrous history ends,
So fare ye well, my worthy friends,
Don't stop and think, or think and stop,
But take an extra large pan-drop.

JOHN MACRAE.

By kind permission of the Author.

TROUBLE BREWING

I'm going to get licked to-night
When dad gits home, all right, all right.
I clum old Merkel's apple tree
On yesterday, some kids an' me,
An' when I'd et all I could stuff
I thought I'd hang on to enough

To last to-day. But do you know
Dad seen my pockets bulge out so ;
He asted me what I had got,
An' made me dump the hull blame lot.

You should have seen him look at me,
They was as green as they could be,
An' 'bout as big as marbles, and
He took a handful in his hand ;
An' first he nibbled one or two,
An' then he chanked down quite a few,
An' then he said : " Son, don't you know
That takes dad back to long ago
When he was just a kid like you
An' used to swipe green apples too."

An' then I gobbled two or three,
An' grinned at him ; he grinned at me.
Then, later on, when I had fell
Asleep I heard a' awful yell,
An' heard ma say : " Well, dear me, suz !"
An' I snuck in where their bed wuz,
An' ma yelled : " Light the gas-stove and
Make some hot water an' don't stand
A-lookin' at me ! Don't you see
Your pa is sick as he kin be ?"

Dad was all twisted up, an' he
Give one heart-broken look at me,
An' then I went away an' got
A kittleful of water hot
And brung it in, an' got some tow'ls—
You should have heard the groans and howls
Pa turned loose when ma slapped the lot
Right on his stummick, boiling hot !
An' when ma heard the things he said
She said for me to go to bed.

Dad kep' that noise up 'most all night
An' you bet I kep' out o' sight,
When mornin' come. He went away
At noon : he'd lost half-a-day,
An' that is why I know that I
Will get a lickin' by, and by ;
But if I do it will be mean
Of him. He knowed that they was green.
An' there's another thing, by jings,
I didn't make him eat them things !

From American Source.

JEEMSIE MILLER

THERE'S some that mak' themselves a name
Wi' preachin', business, or a game ;
There's some wi' drink hae gotten fame,
And some wi' siller ;
I kent a man got glory cheap,
For nane frae him their een could keep,
Losh ! he was shapit like a neep,
Was Jeemsie Miller.

When he gaed drivin' doon the street,
Wi' cairt an' sheltie a' complete,
The plankie whaur he had his seat
Was bent near double ;
An' gin yon wood had na' been strang
It hidna' held oor Jeemsie lang,
He had been landit wi' a bang,
And there'd been trouble.

Ye could but mind to see his face,
The reid mune glowerin' on the place,
Nae man had e'er sic muckle space
To haud his bonnet ;

And owre yon bonnet on his brow
Set cockit up owre Jeemsie's pow
There waggit, reid as lichtit tow,
The toorie on it.

And Jeemsie's poke was brawly lined,
There wasna' mony couldna' find
His cantie hoosie i' the wynd—
"The Salutation";
For there ye'd get, wi' sang an' clink,
What some ca'd comfort, wi' a wink;
And some that didna' care for drink
Wad ca' damnation!

But dinna' think, altho' he made
Sae grand a profit o' his trade,
An' muckle i' the bank had laid,
He wadna' spare o't;
For, happit whaur it wasna' seen,
He'd aye a dram in his machine.
An' never did he meet a freen'
But got a share o't.

Ae day he let the sheltie fa',
(Whist, sirs! he wasna' fou—na, na!)
A wee thing pleasant—that was a',
An drivin' canny;
Fegs, he cam' hurlin' owre the front,
An' struck the road wi' sic a dunt,
Ye'd thocht the causey got the brunt,
An' no' the mannie.

Aweel, it was his hin'most drive,
Aifter yon clout he couldna' thrive,
For twa pairts deid, an' ane alive,
His billies foond him;

And, bedded then, puir Jeemsie lay,
And a' the nicht and a' the day
Relations cam' to greet and pray
And gaither roond him.

Said Jeemsie, "Cousins, gie's a pen,
Awa' an' bring the writer ben,
What I hae spent wi' sinfu' men
I weel regret it;
In deith I'm sweir to be disgrac't,
I've plenty left forbye my waste,
An' them that I've neglected maist,
It's them'll get it."

It was a sicht to see them rin
To save him frae the sense o' sin,
Fu' sune they got the writer in,
His mind to settle;
And oh, their loss, sae sair they felt it,
To a' the toon in tears they telt it,
Their dule for Jeemsie wad hae meltit
A he'rt o' metal.

Puir Jeemsie de'ed. In a' their braws
The faim'ly cam', as black as craws:
Men, wives, an' weans wi' their mammas
That scarce could toddle!
They grat—an' they had cause to greet!
The will was read that gar'd them meet—
The U.P. Kirk, just up the street,
Got ilka bodle!

VIOLET JACOB.

*From "Songs of Angus,"
by kind permission.*

THE FAMILY

"How many in your family?" the census-taker said.
"Hoo mony?" Mrs Rafferty she shook her tousled head.

"Well, shure, I think there is elivin. Jist let me count," said she.

"There's Mike, my mon, that's did, an' me an' Patsy,
—that makes three—

The triplets four an' Mary five, Tim six, an' Bridget sivin;

The blessed twins is eight. Thot's all." "But that is not eleven."

"Now wait a bit. There's me—thot's wan—an' little Patsy, two;

The triplets three an' Bridget four, an' Timmy there by you

Is five, an' poor did Mike is six, an' me darlin' little twins

Is sivin, an' Katy eight. Oh, dear! Now if I jist begins

Wid Mike that's did—hivin rest his sowl!—I'm sure to git thim right,

For 'dade there's 'livin; leastways there was when they went to bed lasht night.

"Poor Mike is wan, the twins is two, Timmie an' Patsy four,

An' Mary five an' Mike—oh, no; I counted him before—

An' Mary five, an' Bridget six—ah, now I've got thim straight—

An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight—sure, the triplets they make eight—

An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight. Where have the
 ithers gone?
 By all the saints in hivin, I know I've counted ivery
 wan.

"Now whisht an' shtop yer shpakin'. I'll count them
 jist wance more.
 There's me an' Tim an' Patsy an' Katy—thot is four;
 The triplets and the twins is six, an' Bridget—now
 just wait—
 An' Bridget sivin, an' poor did Mike—yis, poor did
 Mike makes eight.
 Yes, thot is right," said Mrs R., and rubbed her
 tousled pate,
 "I t'ought there was elivin, but I see there is but
 eight."

ANON.

THAT FLY

THE cause of profanity,
 The cause of insanity,
 And every other 'anity—
 That cursed fly.

He's in your soup, he's in your booze,
 He buzzes round you when you snooze;
 He's worse than any fit of blues,
 That cursed fly.

As on his rounds the Colonel goes
 They settle on his shapely nose,
 And language not so sweet as rose
 Flies through those flies.

And then the parson in the church,
They don't leave him quite in the lurch,
For as he's preaching from his perch
Of things on high

Oh, comrade, say it softly then,
For as he breathes the great amen
He'll screw his righteous face and then
He'll d—— those flies.

Then north to south, from east to west,
The blighters never give it best.
So if you hope for any rest
You'll kill those flies.

HARRY J. CLIFFORD (THOROUGHGOOD),
Late Bty.-Sgt.-Major, R.F.A.
By kind permission of the Author.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

MARRY, or not to marry? That is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cobwebbed rooms,
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
And, by uniting, end it? To live alone
No more. And by marrying say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand makeshifts
Bach'lors are heirs to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry, to live
In peace! Perchance in war; aye, there's the rub
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must make us pause—there's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock.
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,

The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls,
The insolence of servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take,
When he himself might his quietness gain
By living single? Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of bachelor,
But that the dread of something after marriage
(Ah! that vast expenditure of income,
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life,
Than go to jail for debts we know not of?
Economy thus makes bachelors of us still,
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought.

ANON.

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

OF old the Roman bard observed, in words of classic
grace,
That riches never could confer distinction on a race;
And many a self-made man has found this moral
maxim true
When snubbed by folks who, though less rich, could
boast of blood quite blue.

'Twas thus with old Josiah Binks (*the* Binks of
"Binks's Soap,")
Who found with social barriers his wealth could never
cope;
When lo! a sudden stroke of luck came timely to
his aid:
A certain royal prince desired to see how soap was
made.

And so it was arranged that he, to gratify this taste,
Should visit Binks's famous works at Wozzle-on-the-
Waste ;
And after that it was proposed that he should make
a call,
To dine, "perchance to sleep," at Binks' ancestral hall.
Great was the joy of Binks when he these blessed
tidings heard,
"Geewillikins !" he said (which is a very vulgar word),
While Mrs Binks descanted on the situation thus :
"Lor ! 'ow them stuck-up folks 'll stare and wish has
they was hus,
A thing like this 'll teach some 'ard-up swells round
'ere I 'ope,
As pedigrees won't *wash* a thing, which can't be said
of *soap* !"

The day arrived ; in semi-state the Prince came
driving down,
To watch the art of boiling soap at famous Wozzle
town ;
He saw some curious sights and smelt some interesting
smells,
What time the banners waved aloft, and gaily chimed
the bells,
And smilingly remarked that Binks should tread
distinction's path,
And as a man of Soap, must gain the Order of the Bath !
And after that *bon mot*, which set the party in a roar,
He got into his chariot and drove to Binks's door.

Upon the evening's banquet it were needless to dilate—
The crowd of pompous flunkies, the display of silver
plate ;
The Prince despatched the viands with an appetite
robust,
And then retired to bed and slept the slumbers of
the just.

Not so his host and hostess, who debated all night
through

What princes ate for breakfast, for the point was
strange and new,

“Which,” said Mrs Binks, “I’ve laid in quite a
wagon-load of fare,

So no matter what he chooses, we are sure to have it
there—

What with truffles, pat de foy grass, chicken, turkey,
tongue, and fish,

I’ll undertake to find him any wittles he may wish.”

But upon the fateful morrow, when, with diplomatic
skill,

Binks unto the Prince’s valet went to learn the Prince’s
will,

Very curious was the message from the royal chamber
borne,

That to breakfast on a *bloater* was the Prince’s wish
that morn ;

And a look of frozen horror came on Mrs Binks’s face
When she found upon inquiry not a bloater in the
place !

Swift, responsive to her summons, grooms and foot-
men hurried forth,

Some on foot and some on horseback, ran and
galloped south and north.

High and low those flunkeys foraged, and they
wandered round and round,

But in vain, for on that morning not a bloater could
be found,

There were plaice and cod and oysters (which are very
nice with stout)

But their bloaters all the fish shops, strange to say,
had just sold out ;

So in deep humiliation, out of breath and very
pale,

Those retainers hurried homeward to relate their
mournful tale.

Straight she ordered out her carriage, and in flaming
wrath she said,
Since she could not trust such boobies, she herself
would go instead ;
But she found they'd told her truly, for her search was
all in vain,
Till, in driving past a cottage in a somewhat squalid
lane,
Like Jamaica's spicy breezes or Arabia's scented
gale,
The aroma of a *bloater* she did suddenly inhale.

To the cottage door she hastened, and, responsive to
her knocks,
Came a gruff and burly workman, with untidy beard
and locks ;
Unto him, in breathless language, she imparted her
desire
To possess the humble bloater that was sizzling at
the fire.
Suddenly he gazed, then speaking, in a most sarcastic
way—
“Why, it's Mrs Binks, wot kindly had me ‘sacked
the other day
'Cos I left a pail o' lime-wash jest outside her drorin'-
room,
And that wery dainty lady couldn't stand the strong
perfoom ;
Na' she comes to beg my bloater, and, wot's far more
funny still,
She can stand the smell o' bloaters, though the lime-
wash made her ill.”

Mrs Binks looked red and guilty ; these impeach-
ments made her wince,
And she said, “I'm very sorry, but the bloater's for
the Prince.”

“Prince be ’anged!” replied the workman; “such a thing was never known—
Cadging for a pore man’s bloater! Can’t he get one of his own?
Not a bloater in the city? And for this you’ll pay me well?
Mrs Binks, revenge is sweet, mum, THIS ’ERE BLOATER AIN’T TO SELL!”

Mrs Binks grew nearly frantic, hearing bitter words like these,
Shame and horror overcame her, and she fell upon her knees.
“Mercy! help! the Prince is waiting, and his breakfast will be late,
Think how much it will disgrace us if he’s nothing on his plate!
Help me, noble, generous workman, and we’ll gladly take you back,
You shall carry pails of lime-wash where you please without the sack!”

Then the working-man relented, and he raised her from the ground,
And he murmured, “Take the bloater; it is very nicely browned!”
Then she gave him thanks and money, and departed with relief,
With the bloater, wrapped for safety, in a clean silk handkerchief.
Mr Binks and his retainers met the carriage at the gate,
And triumphantly proceeded through the grounds in noble state:
First the sleek and powdered flunkeys, marching with a haughty look,
Then the gardeners and the porter, then the page-boy and the cook,

Then a squad of grooms on horseback—most imposing
cavalcade—

Then the butler and the valet walking with the lady's
maid,

Last of all, the stately carriage came, with Mrs Binks
inside,

Hugging to her breast "THE BLOATER," weeping tears
of joy and pride.

Lo! the prince enjoyed his breakfast, for, of course,
no one explained

All the circumstances under which his fish had been
obtained.

As for Mrs Binks, she often says no tale of anglers'
sport

Can excel the thrilling story of the bloater which SHE
caught.

There's a moral to this story, one that is not hard to
gain,

For the lesson that it teaches is particularly plain ;
Don't despise the humble bloater—such a policy
will fail,

For a bloater may be *sometimes* as important as a
whale.

W. A. GAVIN.

AT THE MASQUERADE

I KNOW 'twas not the proper thing to do,
And yet I thought it would be jolly too,
To go alone to that swell masquerade,
And so I did it. Well my plans were laid.
My wife of my intentions naught did know,
I told her, out of town I had to go,

And she believed me. Leaving her to stay
At home, I went and danced in costume gay.
I had been at the ball an hour or so,
When some one introduced a domino.
I saw that she was plump and graceful, and
She had a pretty little foot and hand.
Her eyes, I noticed, flashed like diamonds bright ;
Though plump, she waltzed divinely, feather light,
And then she flirted with most perfect art,
It isn't singular I lost my heart.
Soon my sweet charmer I began to ask
To step into an alcove and unmask :
To let me see the lovely face I'd swear
Was hid behind that mask. My lady fair
At first refused. I pleaded long and hard ;
Declared my life forever would be marred,
Unless her cruelty she would relent.
My pleading won, at last, a shy consent.
Her face she would permit my eyes to view,
If I unmasked, the selfsame instant, too.
The dancing-hall had alcoves all around,
And soon in one of these ourselves we found ;
The alcove was, for two, the proper size,
And passing dancers would not recognise
You, for the light was dim within the niche,
And flowers, about, their perfume gave. My witch
Her mask removed. I meantime did the same.
"My wife !" "My husband !" So we did exclaim.
The truth we neither of us had mistrusted,
And each was disappointed and disgusted.

ANON.

THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o?"

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

When folks should be asleep,

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wait the long hours through?"

And the night would say, in its ghostly way:

"Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

My mother told me long ago

(When I was a little lad)

That when the night went wailing so

Somebody had been bad;

And then, when I was snug in bed,

Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets pulled up round my head,

I'd think of what my mother'd said,

And wonder what boy she meant,

And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew;

And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

"Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

That this was true I must allow,—

You'll not believe it, though!

Yes, though I'm quite a model now

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test ;
 Suppose when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest ;
 Suppose you ask, " Who has been bad ? "
 And then you'll hear what's true ;
 For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone :
 " Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o ! "

EUGENE FIELD.

By kind permission of Mr John Lane, Publisher.

THE TROUBLESOME WIFE

A MAN had once a vicious wife
 (A most uncommon thing in life);
 His days and nights were spent in strife
 Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
 Sweet contradiction still her song,
 And all the poor man did was wrong,
 And ill done.

A truce without doors, or within,
 From speeches, long as tradesmen spin,
 Or rest from her eternal din,
 He found not.

He every soothing art displayed,
 Tried of what stuff her skin was made ;
 Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed
 To take her.

Once, walking by the river's side,
In mournful tones, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide ;
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown, I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind
As can be,

"Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And, swimming, I once more regain
My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes ;
Already, in her thoughts, he dies
Before her.

"Yet when I see the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he said ; "beside,
I would not be a suicide,
And die thus.

"It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in ; nay, never shrink,
But do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least suspect
She should do.

He steps aside, himself to save ;
Lo ! souse, she dashes in the wave,
And gave, what ne'er before she gave,
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried.

"Thou best of wives," the man replied,

"I would, but you my hands have tied;

Heaven help you!"

ANON. 2

THE WHISTLE

HE cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on
his knee;

He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke
her eggs,

He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the
seggs,

He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they
strayed,

But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee
herd made!

He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at
nicht,

He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot
o' sicht,

The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them
up the close,

The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit
boss;

But he cared na doit or docken what they did or
thocht or said,

There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd
made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for
weeks,

But noo he had his bannet on afore the lave had
brecks;

He was whistlin' to the parritch that were hott'rin'
on the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the
byre ;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their
trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd
made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through
the mist,
Till the hafin' squared his shoulders an' made up
his mind to 'list ;
He tried a spring for woovers, tho' he wistna' what it
meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin', an' he thocht she
maybe kent ;
He got ream and buttered bannocks for the lovin'
lilt he played,
Wasna' that a cheery whistle that the wee herd
made ?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an'
jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower
the rigs,
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain
strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin through the corn to "Clean
Pease Strae" ;
The feet o' ilka man an' beast got youkie when he
played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made ?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter
brocht him dool,
When, in spite o' hacks and chilblains, he was shod
again for school ;

He couldna' sough the catechis' nor pipe the rule o'
three,
He was keepit in and licket when the ither loons got
free;
But he often played the truant—'twas the only thing
he played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd
made.

CHAS. MURRAY.

*Taken from "Hamewith," by kind permission of the Author
and Messrs Constable, London.*

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING

HE sat at the dinner-table there,
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were underdone,
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a piece of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age;
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

E. M. HADLEY.

THE UNSELFISH BACHELOR

AH, dearest, just a smile, a kiss !—

My high unselfishness is such,
I feel to ask for more than this,
Would be to ask too much.

I am content, O maid divine !

If you but love me, say, till Spring :
To want you to be always mine
Were but a selfish thing.

For if we wed, as many do,
And you were mine alone for life,
Some other man who yearned for you,
Might never have a wife.

Or were I wholly yours, maybe,
Whilst happy years with you I led,
Some other maid, who pined for me,
Might have to die unwed.

So, sweetest love, that such as they
May not be left to weep alone,
I must not give myself away,
Or make you all my own !

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

By kind permission.

JUST ONCE

IT was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim ;
I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car there stepped a
dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place, she straight unto
me came.

“Oh, Jack!” she cried, “Oh, dear old Jack!” and
kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again and frightened cried: “Oh, what
a bad mistake!”
I said: “Forgive me, maiden fair, that I am not your
Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave, I’ll straightway
give it back.”
And since that night I have often stood on the plat-
form lighted dim,
But only once in a man’s whole life do such things
come to him.

Adapted.

THE DOMINIE’S HAPPY LOT

THE Dominie is growing grey
And feth he’s keepit thrang
Wi’ counts an’ spellin’ a’ the day
And liffies when they’re wrang;
He dauners out at nine o’clock,
He dauners hame at four,
Frae twal to ane to eat and smoke,
And sae his day is owre.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon—
A’ Saturday at gowf to play
And aye the pay gaun on.

When winter days are cauld and dark
And dykes are deep wi’ snaw,
And bairns are shiverin’ owre their wark,
He shuts the shop at twa.

And when it comes to Hogmanay
And fun comes roarin' ben,
And ilka dog maun tak' a day,
The Dominie taks ten.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon,
To stop the mill whene'er you will,
And aye the pay gaun on.

And when Inspectors gi' a ca'
He tak's them roun' to dine,
And aye the upshot o' it a'—
The bairns are daen fine;
And sae the "Board" come smirkin' roun'
Wi' prizes in their haun',
And syne its frae the end o' June
Until the Lord kens whan.

Oh Leezie, Leezie, fine and easy
Is a job like yon—
Sax weeks to jaunt and gallivant,
And aye the pay gaun on.

From poems by WALTER WINGATE.

*By kind permission of
Gowans & Gray, Publishers, Glasgow.*

JAPANESE LOVE SONG

SHE was a maid of Japan,
And he was the son of Choo Lee.
She had a comb and a fan,
And he had two big chests of tea.

And she wore a gown picturesque,
While he had a wonderful queue.
Her features were not statuesque,
Which mattered but little to Choo.

So he smiled at her over the way,
 She coquetted at him with her fan.
 "I malley you—see?" he would say
 To this queer little maid of Japan.

And day after day she would pose,
 To attract him: her little Choo Lee.
 All daintily tipped on her toes,
 This love of a Heathen Chineese.

But fate was not kind to them quite,
 For he never could reach her you see,
 Though she always was there in his sight
 And she looked all the day on Choo Lee.

For a man mayn't do more than he can
 Though a maiden may languishing be,
 When she is a maid of a fan
 And he's on a packet of tea.

ANON.

THE BETTER GRASS THE BETTER SHEEP

AULD Sandy Gray ae Sabbath day
 Was absent frae the kirk,
 Next day his pastor called on him
 For duty he'd not shirk.
 Now as it may perhaps amuse,
 Nay, happily, some may profit,
 From what transpires, I here shall give
 In full the purport of it.

"What ailed ye, Sandy, yesterday?"
 The pastor did remark.
 "Losh, man," said Sandy in reply,
 "I was hearin' Dr Spark,

An' a proper spark he is, I trow,
 He was jist up tae time ;
 ' Love one another ' was his text,
 The sermon was sublime."

" Well, really, sir," replied the priest,
 " It grieves me much to know,
 That you to other churches do
 At times a-wandering go.
 You are a shepherd, like myself,
 And would not like to see
 Your own flock stray in pastures strange,
 As you thus do to me."

" Dear me," was Sandy's next response,
 " As you the matter press,
 I wouldna' care, man, where they strayed,
 If it was better gress.
 It seems a very selfish thing
 Tae think that you should swither
 That I should visit neebor kirks—
 The ane's as guid's the ither."

" Tak' either Auld U. P. or Free,
 Just think o' them, yer reverence,
 They're workin' for the same guid road,
 There's no a screed o' difference.
 At least that's my opinion o't,
 What think ye, sir, yersel' ? "
 " Sandy, you're right," the parson said,
 " You treat the subject well."

" 'Twas from a pure sectarian view,
 With fairness be it told,
 That I deplored you had become
 A wanderer from my fold,

But from a higher point of view
I must confess you're right ;
As brethren we should all agree—
In fact should all unite."

Now, reader, this was Sandy's point,
Its moral do not miss :
Just please yoursel', gang where ye think
You get the sweetest gress.

JOHN DALL,

THE UNSUCCESSFUL PLAN

IN a small, pretty village in Nottinghamshire
There formerly lived a respectable squire,
Who possessed an estate from encumbrances clear,
And an income enjoyed of a thousand a year.

The country he loved ; he was fond of the chase,
And, now and then, entered a horse at a race.
He excelled all his friends in amusements athletic,
And his manner of living was far from æsthetic.

A wife he had taken for better, for worse,
Whose temper had proved an intolerant curse ;
And 'twas plain to perceive, this unfortunate wife
Was the torment, vexation, and plague of his life !

Her face it was fair, but a beautiful skin
May often conceal a temper within,
And he who is anxious to fix his affections,
Should always look farther than lovely complexions.

Nine years passed away, and to add to his grief
No infantile prattle e'er brought him relief,
Till at length, to his great and unspeakable joy,
He the father became of a fine little boy.

The father grew proud of his juvenile heir,
A sweet little cherub, with dark eyes and hair,
Yet strange to relate, his paternal anxiety,
Soon debarred him the bliss of his darling's society.

For he thought, and with truth, to his termagant
wife

Might be justly ascribed all the woes of his life.
"Had I ne'er seen a woman," he often would sigh,
"What squire in the country, so happy as I!"

In a forest removed some miles, far away,
Whether Sherwood or not, the tradition don't say,
Our hero possessed an Arcadian retreat,
A snug little hunting-box, rural and neat.

Strange fancies men have. 'Twas here he designed
To watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind,
Where, only approached by the masculine gender,
No room should be left him for feelings more tender.

To further his plan, he procured coadjutors
In two very excellent, painstaking tutors.
Who agreed for the sum of two hundred a year
His son to instruct, and immure themselves here.

Time passed quickly on, year succeeded to year,
Yet brought no abatement to fatherly fear,
Till at length this remarkably singular son
Could number of years that had passed, twenty-one.

Now the father had settled his promising son
Should his studies conclude, when he'd reached
twenty-one,
And a view of the world was the only thing needed,
To see how his singular plan had succeeded.

The summer was come, 'twas the end of October,
When autumn's gay tints turn to liveries more sober ;
At the end of this month, 'twas known far and near,
A large fair at Nottingham was held every year.

He hit on this fair as the place of début.
Strange resolve, when to keep the fair out of his view
Had been his most earnest endeavour through life,
And the bone of contention 'twixt him and his wife.

This point by his firmness he had constantly carried—
The only one gained, ever since they were married.
And he went with a heart beating high with emotion
To launch his young son on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the fair a young maiden tripped by,
With a cheek like the rose, and a bright, laughing
eye.

“O father ! what's that ?” cried the youth with delight,
As this vision of loveliness burst on his sight.

“Oh, that is only a thing called a goose, my dear son,
We shall see plenty more ere our journey is done.”
So as onward they passed, each sight brought to
view

Some spectacle equally singular and new ;

Till the joy of the youth scarcely knew any bounds—
At the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry-go-rounds.
When at length the tour of the fair was completed,
The father resolved that his son should be treated.

So pausing a moment, he said, “My dear son,
A new era to-day in your life has begun.
Though the plan I've adopted to some may seem
strange,

You have never induced me to wish for a change.

“ And now, in remembrance of Nottingham fair,
And a proof of your father’s affection and care,
Of all this bright scene, and the gaities in it,
Choose whatever you like, it is yours from this
minute!”

“ Choose whatever I like,” cried the youthful recluse,
“ Oh, thank you, dear father, then give me a *goose*!”

ANON.

THE WIFE

SHE vexes me an’ touts me sair,
Sets hope adrift an’ brings despair,
An’ in her anger pu’s my hair—
The wife.

The Scripters speak o’ sorrow’s cup,
A tubfu’ I’m compelled to sup!
She mak’s me whist an’ drink it up—
The wife.

If ye braw leddies dinna’ ken
The way tae tease an’ kill the men,
Consult yer humbler sister then—
The wife.

Like ony other simple fule
I entered matrimony’s schule,
She very soon proclaimed “ Home Rule ”—
The wife.

The loss o’ freens I noo deplore,
The joys are fled I kent before,
Against me whiles she locks the door—
The wife.

She tries to ape the upper ten—
Sic wives are no' for workin' men;
She's ower weel off an' disna' ken—
The wife.

She says she's far ower guid for me
An' brags aboot her pedigree;
My worth, of course, she canna' see—
The wife.

Wi' her, it is a thing of course
Tae keep possession o' the purse,
Which mak's me like a heathen curse—
The wife.

My books she flings aside as trash,
Ca's me a guid-for-naething hash!
An' yet I wadna' like tae thrash—
The wife.

When I'm engaged in company,
She clanks the bairn upon my knee,
A mere man-nurse she mak's o' me—
The wife.

Then wi' her besom an' her cloot,
She sets tae wark tae dust an' scoop,
An' that's the way she gets them oot—
The wife.

Wi' fricht the laddies roar an' rin,
Outside she gi'es the cat the fling;
She fair distracts me wi' her din—
The wife.

They say I'm thin aboot the jaws,
An' like a thing for frichtin' craws;
I wish they wud remove the cause—
The wife.

I'm losin' flesh, I'm gettin' grey,
I find I'm wearin' doon the brae ;
She'll maybe change when I'm away—
The wife.

JOSEPH TEENAN.

*By kind permission of
Messrs Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.*

A TRUE BOSTONIAN AT HEAVEN'S GATE

A SOUL from earth to heaven went,
To whom the saint, as he drew near,
Said, " Sir, what claims do you present
To us to be admitted here ? "

" In Boston I was born and bred,
And in her schools was educated ;
I afterward at Harvard read,
And was with honours graduated.

" In Trinity a pew I own,
Where Brooks is held in such respect,
And the society is known
To be the cream of the select.

" In fair Nahant—a charming spot—
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,
And, last, a handsome burial-lot
In dear Mount Auburn's hallowed shades."

St Peter mused and shook his head ;
Then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
" Go back to Boston, friend," he said,
" Heaven isn't good enough for you."

ANON.

BILL 'IGGINS'S FIRE

YOU'VE heard of Bill 'Igginses fire, mates?
You ain't? Lummey! where 'ave yer bin?
Well, I'll tell yer 'ow I saved 'is missus—
(That's right, Miss —— a quarte'n o' gin).
It was like this, d'y'see—t'other evenin'
I was off down the street fer a drink,
Fer, mates, I've bin cursed with a 'orrible thirst,
Since I spent them three months in the clink.

That "clink" was a show if yer like, boys,
Not a gargle the whole bloomin' time,
An' talk about bad-tempered blighters,
If you spits on the floor it's a crime;
An' they makes yer work 'ard fer yer livin',
You don't draw no out-o'-work pay,
An' you're very soon taught—(oh, 'orrible
thought!)—
To wash yourself three times a day.

But to get back to what I was sayin',
This fire was the deuce of a fire.
Tho' there's some 'ere as mightn't believe me,
'Tain't the first time I've bin called a "liar";
I remember the last bloke what did it,
I laid 'im out cold, stiff and stark,
'E's workin', they say, down the sewers all day,
An' dares not come up till it's dark.

Still, I'd started to talk about 'Iggins.
Let me see now, where was I?—I know!
I was just goin' out for a gargle,
When I sees in the sky such a glow.
And my spine went as cold as an iceberg,
My knees sort o' trembled with fright,
I went ghastly sick, for I thought in that tick
That the old "Bull and Gate" was alight.

D'y' know, that's the place I was weaned in,
And I've stuck to it ever since,
Their four ale's a dream—and their porter—
Believe me, it's fit fer a prince.
Just look at that cheap muck you're drinkin',
It's not only flat but it's sour.
Now I likes a drop with a froth on the top,
Wot'll souse yer in less than an hour.

But to get back again to the subject,
You all know Bill 'Igginses wife.
And you know wot a twistin' she gave 'im,
Lor', talk about trouble and strife.
I've 'eard that 'ere woman use langwidge
Wot's dried up the soup in the pot,
An' then deal 'im one with the poker, for fun,
Yus! an' mind yer the poker was 'ot.

Wot? You're waitin' to 'ear about 'Iggins,
Who's fed up—oh, you mean me, old son?
Well, you've got some lip for a youngster,
An' you'll 'ave a bit more 'fore I'm done.
'Oo says I can't fight?—Interdooce me!
Oh! the landlord? I might 'ave know'd.
Well, after the show you won't 'ave far to go,
The 'orsepittle's just down the road.

'Ere stow it now!—leave go my collar—
Or you'll wish as you'd never bin born,
I reckon there's some as'll miss you,
Especially your wife, when you're gone.
Alright—alright I'm a-goin',
If I stopped I'd be doin' a crime.
Eh? Oh! Lord above, it's the missus. My love,
I only dropped in for the time.

JAMES J. HANNON.
By kind permission.

WHAT MISS EDITH SAW FROM HER WINDOW

OUR window's not much, though it fronts on the street,
There's a fly on the pane that gets nothin' to eat,
But it is curious how people think it's a treat
For me to look out of the window.

Why, when company comes and they're all speak-
ing low,
With their chairs drawn together, then some one
says "Oh!
Edith, dear, that's a good child, now run, love, and go,
And amuse yourself there at the window."

Or Bob, that's my brother, comes in with his chum,
And they whisper and chuckle, the same words
will come,
And it's "Edith, look here, oh! I say, what a rum
Lot of things you can see from the window."

And yet, as I told you, there's only that fly,
Buzzing round on the pane, and a bit of blue sky,
And the girl in the opposite window that I
Look at when she looks from her window.

And yet I've been thinking I'd so like to see,
If what goes on behind her, goes on behind me,
And then, goodness gracious, what fun it would be
For us both, as we sit by the window.

How we'd watch when the parcels were hid in the
drawer,
Or the things taken out that we never see more,
What people come in and go out of the door
That we never see from the window.

And that night when the stranger came home with
our Jane,
I might see what I heard then—that sounded so plain,
Like when my wet fingers I rub on the pane;
Which they won't let me do on my window.

And I'd know why papa shut the door with a slam,
And said something funny that sounded like jam,
And said, "Edith, where are you?" I said, "Here I am."
"Ah, that's right, dear; look out of the window."

They say when I'm grown up these things will appear
More plain than they do when I look at them here,
But I think I see some things uncommonly clear
As I sit and look down from the window.

What things? oh, things that I make up, you know,
Out of stories I've read, and they all pass below:
Ali Baba, The Forty Thieves, all in a row,
Go by as I look from my window.

That's only at church time, other days there's no crowd.
Don't laugh; see that big man who looked up and bowed,
That's our butcher—I call him the Sultan Mahoud,
When he nods to me here at the window.

And that man, he's our neighbour, just gone for a ride,
Has three wives in the churchyard that lie side by side;
So I call him old Bluebeard in search of his bride,
While I'm Sister Ann at the window.

And what do I call you? Well here's what I do:
When my sister expects you, she puts me here too,
But I wait till you enter to see if it's you,
And then I just open the window.

Dear child ! yes, that's me ; oh you ask what that's for,
Well, you know papa says you're a poet and more :
That's your poverty's self, so when you're at the door,
I let love fly out of the window.

BRET HARTE.

From Bret Harte's poetical works.

By kind permission of Chatto & Windus, Publishers.

'ARRIET

IT ain't the first time as we've quarrelled, 'Arry,
It ain't the first time as we've 'ad a row,
There ain't no call to chuck yer donah over,
We've 'ad it out—d'ye 'ear—let's pal in now.
Supposin' as I did wear William's cady,
And what if Will-i-amè put on mine,
Then why d'ye go and say I ain't no lady,
There ain't no need to go and make a shine.
For I've been a good donah to you, ain't I, 'Arry,
And, if you don't know it, I tells you so—strite ;
So if you means splicin' me, arsk me then, cawn't you,
And don't keep us both sich a time on the wyte ;
Now, I cawn't say no fairer nor that, can I, 'Arry,
I cawn't say no fairer nor that.

Sye, did I make a fuss when you mashed 'Lizer,
And stood 'er ginger pops, and cups o' tea—
A reg'ler low-born cat—ga-arn—I despise 'er,
I tells you strite she ain't no good now, 'Arry—see ;
I twigged you kissed 'er in the tunnel, 'Arry,
That's why I mashed the bloke with ginger 'air,
And if you want's to chuck it—chuck it, 'Arry ;
But if you loves me—I loves you—so there.

I've got another chap as wants me, 'Arry,
Wot's in the fried-fish line in Bethnal Green ;
But I prefers another bloke—see, 'Arry—
'Ere, stop it now—you knows who I mean.

I knows as you can pick and choose your donah—
There's lots of 'em as wants yer donkey cart;
But I knows one as only wants the owner,
And loves yer, 'Arry—strite—with all 'er 'eart;
And I've been a good donah to you, ain't I, 'Arry,
And, if you don't know it, I tells you so—strite;
So if you means splicin' me, arsk me then, cawn't you,
And don't keep us both sich a time on the wyte;
Now, I cawn't say no fairer nor that, can I, 'Arry,
I cawn't say no fairer nor that.

J. HICKORY WOOD.

*By kind permission of Mrs Hickory Wood
and Ward, Lock & Co;*

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE

TOGETHER to the church they went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent.
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees.
And as they homeward slowly walked,
The lovers on the sermon talked.
And he—he dearly loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said,
Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?
She flashed on him her bright blue eyes
With one swift look of vexed surprise,
And as he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper,
But, darling, I insist, said he,
That you are very Phar-i-see,
I don't think you care much for me.
That makes me so Sad-u-cee.

Adapted.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BROWN'S CHRISTMAS
PARTY

'Tis Christmas night, and Charles Brown,
While fastening his tie,
Looks out upon the snow-clad town,
Contentment in his eye ;
His face is wreathed in smiles to think
Of all there is to eat and drink
At dinner by-and-by.

As he smears his hair with grease
Extracted from the bear,
He thinks him of his dear Louise
Who's promised to be there ;
And of Louise's mother, too,
Of which good dame, 'twixt me and you,
He stands in mortal fear.

For Charles has laid his very life
At dear Louise's feet,
While she has sworn to be his wife,
And made his joy complete ;
And so, while thinking of his bride,
He eyes himself with conscious pride
From head to well-shod feet.

But soon he hears the front door bell—
The guests have come to dine—
He hastens down the stairs pell-mell
To welcome his divine ;
Her silvery laugh he hears afar,
But that of her austere mamma
Sends shivers down his spine.

The guests have come, the cloth is laid,
 The wine is placed on ice,
 And every man and every maid
 Is seated in a trice ;
 The ferns, arranged by Charlie's niece,
 Are soon pronounced a masterpiece—
 They look extremely nice.

Then to the sideboard Charlie goes
 To fetch the sparkling wine,
 'Tis champagne, and the label shows :
 " Brut-Royal, Superfine " ;
 He bears it largely in his hand
 That everyone may see the brand—
 (One bottle between nine).

He cuts the string, he breaks the wire,
 He grasps the loving cup,
 And bears it to his heart's desire
 That she may have first sup ;
 He quite forgets that sparkling wine,
 Especially when " superfine,"
 Is generally up.

Out flies the cork at fearful pace,
 Oh careless Mr Brown ;
 It strikes Louise right in the face
 And almost knocks her down,
 While all the foaming, sparkling fizz
 Flies out with one almighty whizz
 Upon her mother's gown.

Then up swells dear Louise's eye,
 Likewise her mother's wroth,
 While Charles Augustus stands close by
 Far whiter than the cloth ;
 Right ardently he prays the floor
 May swallow him for evermore ;
 He does, in very troth.

Kind reader, would you have me paint
The scene that now ensues !
With poor Louise in a faint,
Brown trembling in his shoes,
The mother brandishing a fork,
Proclaiming him an awkward gawk—
Nay, flatly I refuse.

Suffice it that Louise grows worse
And hurries home to bed,
Her mother hurling one last curse
At Brown's devoted head,
While all the other guests depart
In deference to his broken heart,
Both wineless and unfed.

And Charles Augustus, what of him ?
Dejected and depressed,
He soon becomes extremely thin,
All wheezy grows his chest ;
Upon his brow deep lines of care,
All grey his erstwhile glossy hair—
These details by request.

Moral

And you who read this mournful tale
Take warning from his fate ;
If you prefer champagne to ale,
Remember corks fly straight ;
Don't hit your sweetheart in the eye,
But point the bottle very high,
And aim to reach the grate.

GEORGE ROBEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

WOMAN'S WAY

THEY sat together side by side, absorbed in Cupid's mission ;

" Dear John, please tell," she softly cried, " what was my pa's decision ? "

" Alas ! " said he, " I greatly fear " (his voice began to quaver),

" My suit is not regarded, dear " (he heaved a sigh),
" with favour.

Your pa says he can't see at all " (he sadly smoothed her tresses),

" How I, with such an income small, can even buy your dresses."

" I think," she answered (and her eye in trust to his was carried),

" I might lay in a good supply before " (she blushed)
" we're married."

Adapted.

THE COCKNEY

IT was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin ;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short ;

And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use ;
And he wore a pair of gaiters
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame ;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke with admiration
Of St Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked : "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome !"
And declared upon his honour—
Though of course 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *hart* of making beer.

When I named the Colosseum,
He observed, "'Tis very fair ;
I mean, you know, it *would* be
If they'd put it in repair ;
But what progress or *h*improvement
Can those curst *H*italians 'ope,
While they're under the dominion
Of that blasted muff, the Pope ?"

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *H*americans talked *H*inglish,
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd ;

Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE LECTURE

SHE spoke of the Rights of Woman,
In words that glowed and burned;
She spoke of the worm down-trodden
And said that the worm had turned!
She proved by columns of figures
That whatever a man essayed,
A woman could do far better—
In politics, art, or trade.

She painted in fervid colours
The bright millennial day
When man should bow submissive
'Neath woman's wiser sway.
She said—but her words were frozen—
Her eyes were wide with fear—
She mounted the chair, the table—
Then faintly gasped: "He's here!"

L

Curiosity—excitement—
Dread—overwhelmed the house!
We were rising for her rescue
When—we saw a tiny mouse.
He scurried over the platform,
And swiftly the monster ran,
Yet he was killed in a moment
By that Paltry Thing, a man!

Then what sympathetic murmurs
Rose quivering on the air!
And smelling-salts were proffered
To the heroine in the chair.
Lastly, one resolution
Was read, and passed in a trice :
“Resolved—though Men are so useless,
They’re needed for killing mice.”

E. T. CORBETT.

III.—Prose Pieces

TAGG

TAGG was commissionaire at Clothilde's.

He wore the uniform of his sovereign lady Madame Clothilde, who retained him in her service for several purposes. One, as he stood at the main entrance, he harmonised architecturally. Two, he kept charge of pet dogs while customers shopped; further, it was Tagg's duty to offer the protection of a Chinesely huge umbrella on rainy days.

Those were his duties, and that was his life so far as anyone at the establishment knew or cared. Tagg held no interest for the hothouse beauties who displayed gowns and hats, or the shrewd, ambitious heads of departments. They knew that he answered to the name of Tagg, which was useful; but beyond that the man was unknown to the staff of the famous shop. They did not care whether the medal he wore had been awarded him for the Boer War or the Crimean, the Napoleonic Wars or the Salvation Army Wars. In point of fact, it indicated Spion Kop.

There was another automaton in the famous establishment.

This was a girl. Her right arm was missing, which made her useless for display purposes, for salesmanship, for stitching or for trimming. And she was plain and homely. But she possessed one tiny gift. She had a keen eye for colour, and her duty was to

"match" trimmings and delicate fabrics to exactitude. Madame had come across her by accident; had lifted her in a fit of generosity to a set post in the establishment; and then, characteristically, had forgotten her existence.

This girl answered to the name of Janet, and was at everyone's beck and call.

The two, man and girl, fellow-automata, had never exchanged even a fragment of conversation.

When the Great War burnt over Europe, Tagg silently vanished. Nobody on the staff of Clothilde's troubled to ask why—they were all too deeply concerned with individual worries.

Ten days later, a figure clad in khaki, trimly-fresh, waited in the dusk outside the staff entrance of Clothilde's. The girls of the establishment were passing out after the day's work, mostly in couples, dressed as smartly as mondaines, but depressed with the utter stagnation of trade. Many of them recognised the broad, heavy figure and thick-set features of Tagg; a few of them nodded to him perfunctorily; the others hurried on without sign.

He waited patiently until the one-armed girl appeared in her sober black gown, and stepping a pace forward, touched his khaki cap with military stiffness.

"Miss!"

"Oh, it's you, Mr Tagg. Gone for a soldier?"

'Always was a soldier,' he replied, with some dignity. "A reservist. Called back to the colours."

"If you're waiting to see Madame, she's gone off to Paris."

"I was waiting to see you. The fact is, I wanted to ask you a favour." There was diffidence under the boldness. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind walking with me a bit. . . . I don't know your name."

She looked at him for a moment with the instinctive suspicion of the Cockney, and then relaxed.

"Waters," she told him. "Janet Waters. I get my 'bus at Baker Street."

"I'm going off to-morrow night," he said at last. "With the regiment. To France."

"To France!" she repeated, in surprise. No movement of the British forces had been allowed to be mentioned by the newspapers. While it had seemed quite natural to her that Madame Clothilde should cross the channel on business, it came to her as something unexpected that a man should be crossing to war.

"Yes," he affirmed. "Strictly speaking, I oughtn't to tell you that. It's a secret, and you mustn't let it go further. We go off to-morrow night, at midnight, from Nine Elms."

"Where's that?" she asked, with the usual Cockney ignorance of London's geography.

"It's a station over on the South side, near Vauxhall. You take a tram over the river, and then it's quite easy for you to find."

"For me?"

"Yes," he answered, and stopped under the lamp-post of a by-street to face her directly, looking down upon her with eyes that commanded and pleaded at one and the same time. "Yes, and that's the favour I wanted to ask of you. You see, everyone in the regiment will have someone to see them off... all except me."

"You're not married, then?"

"Neither wife nor child, brother nor sister, mother nor sweetheart. There's nobody in England cares whether I live or die."

Realisation of the utter loneliness of this fellow-being came to her for the first time. "It must be cruel to be all alone like that."

"Yes; and if you would be so kind as to come to the station and say to me, 'Good-bye, and God bless you!'"—a huskiness in his throat stopped him for a

moment—"that's all I wanted to ask you, Miss Waters—that you would come to Nine Elms to-morrow night, and say to me, 'Good-bye, and God bless you!'"

"Indeed I will!" she answered warmly, giving him her hand.

She did more than he asked. She brought a rose with her on the following night to give to him. She asked him not to forget to write and tell her all about his battles. As the long troop-train drew out of the gloomy goods-station of Nine Elms into the blackness of the night, amongst the fluttering handkerchiefs on the platform there was one, waved left-handedly, for Tagg.

He wrote to Janet from a French town of which the name was blacked out by the Censor. It was not a letter—it was scarcely even the kind of message one can send by postcard. A card printed with ready-made phrases had been issued to the men of the Expeditionary Force, and they were only allowed to place a tick against the sentences applicable to their own cases. Tagg's printed message ran:

"I am quite well.

"I hope to send you a letter in due course."

Tagg went into battle on the line between Mons and Charleroi. He disappeared in that terrific holocaust of Cambrai. Not even his body was found. The men of his company told that he fought with a dogged courage which was an inspiration to the youngsters around him.

Perhaps it was the rose from the one-armed girl, inside his breast-pocket, which spurred him on.

Someone at home was caring.

MAX RITTENBERG.

By kind permission of "Everyman."

HIS FIRST NIGHT'S COURTIN'

MY chief companion at this time was anither mason apprentice, yin Davie Gracie. Davie was a graun' whussler through his teeth, and kenned a' the guid mairchin' tunes, and him and me used to walk regularly up ae side o' the street and doon the ither keepin' step to the "Battle o' Stirling Brig" or "The Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

Davie fell in love wi' a nice bit lass wha was in service at the Burn; he was sairly put aboot to get through the dark loanin's and past the Auld Kirk-yaird on his way to see her, withoot feelin' the hair o' his croon risin' fit to lift up his bonnet.

I wasna in the least chawed at him haein' a sweet-hert, for I bothered my heid little aboot lassies, nor had I ony sympathy wi' him in his fears and timourness, for that I coonted unmanly. Ae dark Wednesday nicht, hooever, he prayed on me to keep him company to the Burn on the followin' Friday nicht, and to back up and mak' his persuasions a' the mair attractive to me, he told me his sweetheart had a neibor—a braw, sonsie lass he said she was, and that I wad hae something better to do than hing aboot and kick my heels till he had a word or twae wi' Marget Dalrymple—for sic was his sweetheart's name.

Well, efter a lot o' hickin' and haawin', I consented to gang wi' him, and aboot hauf-past seven the followin' Friday we set oot frae Thornhill for the Burn.

I dinna ken hoo Davie got word ower to the lassies, but whenever we landed I saw at aince that I was expected. Marget left Dave staunin' at the outside door and took me richt ben to the kitchen, and there, sittin' on the settle, was the biggest, fattest lass I had ever seen, wi' a face like a full harvest moon and a crap o' hair like the mane o' a chestnut pownie.

Man, she was a stoot yin. Her claes seemed to be juist at the burst, and the expectant kind o' wey she was sittin' on the edge o' the settle made her stootness a' the mair pronounced. I couldna help lookin' at her, and stood sayin' nocht, but gey dumbfoondered like. Then I heard the ooter door steek, and when I lookit roon' Marget was off, and I was my leave-a-lane wi' the fat fremit lassie.

Efter a wee, when the tickin' o' the clock had got awfu' lood, I remarked that it was a nice nicht for the time o' year, and she said at aince that it was. Mind ye, we had never shaken haun's, or ocht o' that kind, and we nicht easily hae dune sae, withoot pittin' oorsels to muckle trouble, for mine were in my pooch and hers were lyin' on her lap as if she never intended usin' them again in this warld. You see, I had never been to see the lassies before, I was a novice at the usual formalities, and wasna juist very sure o' what was expected o' me, so I made some ither remark about the tattie crap, and sat doon at the ither end o' the settle, and twirled my bonnet roon' my finger.

Man, the nearer I was to her, the bigger she was, and the redder her face, and hair, and haun's seemed to be. Dod, my lass, thinks I to mysel', I've seen something like you made in a brickyard. I gied a bit lauch to mysel', as the thocht struck me, and lookit at her oot o' the tail o' my e'e. In a moment she lookit sideweys at me, and lauched too, and says she, "There ye go noo. Ye've sterted."

"Sterted," says I, "what to dae?"

"H'm! what to dae—as if ye didna ken. My word, but you toon chiels are great boys," and she gaed a wee bit loll in the settle and giggled and jippled.

Dod, thinks I, she's gi'en me credit for bein' a bit o' a blade, and, to tell ye the truth, I admit it flattered my vanity, so I thocht it juist as weel to act up to the character, as yin nicht say.

"Ay, you're richt," says I, "Thornhill chieels ken a thing or twae, I tell ye."

"Yes," says she, "but if you're a sample o' them, there's ae thing they dinna ken."

"What's that?" I asked, raither ta'en aback.

"Hoo to sit on a settle beside a lass," said she, and she lookit up to a side o' bacon hingin' on the ceilin' and giggled again.

Man, that took the stairch oot o' me, as it were, and I didna very weel ken what to say. I lookit at the lang length o' settle that was between us, and muttered something aboot meetin' her hauf-road. Govanenty! she cam' her hauf glibly, and I sidel'd ower mine, and there we sat cheek-for-jowl; but I keepit my bonnet in my haun'!

Man, d'ye ken this, when I was close beside her she seemed sae big, and me sae wee, that I felt like a wee sparra cooryin' aside a corn stook.

Just for something to say I asked her where she belanged to, and she said "Crawfordjohn." Then I spiert if she had ever been to Thornhill, and she said "Yes," that she had gaen through it aince in a cairt.

"Where were they cairtin' ye to?" I asked, withoot lauchin'.

"Oh," says she, "they werena cairtin' me onywhere. I was gaun to Scaurbrig Kirk."

"Oh, then," says I, "ye'll be a Cameronian."

"Not at all," says she, "I'm a dairywoman."

So I let it staun' at that, and put my bonnet doon on the flaer.

"That's the thing," says she, and she hotched hersel' up; "ye're the better o' baith haun's free when ye come to see the lassies."

Man, I kenned then that I was in a tichtish place, and I began to wonder hoo in the name o' guidness I was to get oot o't. I saw at aince that it was policy to keep sweet wi' her, so, to appear mair at hame and taen wi' my quarters, I put my airm on the back o'

the settle. Dod, she was quick o' the uptak', for she sune leaned back till her shooder touched my airm, and then she turned her face to mine, and, in the firelicht, man, d'ye ken it was juist like a sunset.

Hoo I did curse Davie Gracie, and hoo I wished he wad come in, or that the ceilin' wad fa', or the hoose tak' on fire, or something desperate wad tak' place to save me. Nocht happened tho', and I just sat quate, but a' the time I felt she was gettin' mair and mair cooriet into me, and my airm, wi' her great wecht on't, was beginnin' to sleep and to feel terribly jaggy weys and prickly. Mair than that, I had the uncomfortable feelin' that she was makin' things gang what yin micht ca' "swift a wee."

At last, efter a lang silence, she spiert at me if I kenned a nice piece o' poetry ca'd "The Pangs o' Love."

"No," says I, "I never heard o't; but the fact is, love's no muckle in my line."

"Hoo's that?" she asked, quite surprised.

I didna very weel ken what to say. Then a happy thocht struck me. It cam' like an inspiration—a' in a flash, as it were—and I saw my wey oot o't. Efter hurriedly thinkin' ower maiters, says I, "Weel, I daursay I needna say that love's no' in my line, for it is. Nocht wad gie me greater pleesure than to hae a nice lassie like you for a sweethert, and the prospect before me o' a happy mairrit life, but that can never be," and I pou'd my hair doon aboot my een and shook my heid frae side to side. "Of course, you, bein' a stranger in this locality, will no' ken that a' my family's peculiar—not only peculiar, but dangerous."

"In what wey?" she asked.

"Oh, weel," says I, "when we turn twenty-yin we've a' to be ta'en to an asylum for a wee—in fact, I doot I'll hae to gang before I'm that age, for I feel terribly queer at times. For instance, the day noo, I've been

daein' the daftest things imaginable, and my heid's been bizzin' like a bumbee's bike."

She looked at me for a meenit, but I juist put on a kistin' face and my b'lo' jaw was doon.

"It's very hard lines on a young chap like me," I gaed on, "wi' a' the warld before me, but it's in the bluid, and the warst o't is, it's bluid we seek. If it was a hairmless kind o' daftness it wad be naething, but—weel, isn't it a peety?"

She made nae answer, but, mair to hersel' than to me, she says, "I think that fire needs a wee bit coal. I'll juist gang oot and get a bit."

For a stoot lass she raise quick, and her step was licht. She gaed oot, but she never cam' back, and I sat at the fire warmin' my taes till Marget and Davie returned. Man, it was a mercifu' deliverance. When we were aince ootside, quat o' the ferm toon and tacklin' the Burn brae, I told Davie a' aboot my ploy, and he lauched a' the road hame. He even kinket when we were passin' the Auld Kirkyaird, and forgot a' aboot water-kelpies and whitefaced kye.

Needless to say, I never gaed that gate again, and I gied Davie to unnerstaun' that the hair o' his heid nicht staun' oot like a whalebone besom before he wad get me to gang again wi' him to see the lassies.

JOSEPH LAING WAUGH.

By kind permission of the Author.

A RAINY DAY STORY

ONE morning recently as I was about to start from my home, I noticed that it was raining very hard outside, and as I turned to the rack to get an umbrella I was surprised to find that out of five umbrellas there was not one in the lot I could use. On the impulse of the moment I decided to take the

whole five down town to the umbrella hospital and have them all repaired at once.

Just as I started from the door my wife asked me to be sure and bring her umbrella back as she wanted to use it that evening. This impressed the subject of umbrellas very vividly on my mind, so I did not fail to leave the five umbrellas to be repaired, stating I would call for them on my way home in the evening.

When I went to lunch at noon it was still raining very hard, but as I had no umbrella this simply impressed the subject on my mind. I went to a nearby restaurant, sat down at a table, and had been there only a few minutes when a young lady came in and sat down at the same table with me. I was first to finish, however, and getting up I absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella and started for the door. She called out to me and reminded me that I had her umbrella, whereupon I returned it to her with much embarrassment and many apologies.

This incident served to impress the subject more deeply on my mind, so on my way home in the evening I called for my umbrellas, bought a newspaper, and boarded a street-car. I was deeply engrossed in my newspaper, having placed the five umbrellas alongside of me in the car, but all at once I had a peculiar feeling of someone staring at me. Suddenly I looked up from my paper, and was surprised to see sitting directly opposite me the same young woman I had met in the restaurant! She had a broad smile on her face, and looking straight into my eyes she said knowingly: "You've had a successful day, to-day, haven't you?"

ANON.

THE TRIALS OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS

Teacher (in mental arithmetic).—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny.—How many little sisters would be left?

T.—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

J.—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

T.—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

J.—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

T.—No.

J.—Would they be preserved?

T.—Certainly not.

J.—Pickled peaches?

T.—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny, we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

J.—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

T.—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

J.—Yes.

T.—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

J.—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

T.—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

J.—Mother's out of town and won't be back until next week.

T. (sternly)—Now, then, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table, and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

J. (straightening up)—There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

T. (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

American Paper.

THE WOMAN WHO TOOK ADVICE

THERE was once a Woman who had the opportunity of marrying either of two brothers she preferred. Since they had both of them good points she decided to consult their sister as to which, in her opinion, would make the best husband. "I think," she said, "that I shall take John. He is so good."

"But," said the Sister, "he gobbles his soup and sugars his lettuce. To say nothing of buttering his bread in slabs. We have never been able to teach him better."

"But he reads Browning so beautifully!" cried the Woman.

"You will hear him eat soup oftener than you will hear him read Browning," said the Sister.

"I am sure that he would never love any other woman but me so long as he lived," said the Woman.

"But he has an inveterate habit of reading aloud all the jokes in all the funny columns of all the papers, no matter what you are reading," replied the Sister. "You would find that very trying, as you are fond of reading to yourself."

"I am sure he would give his life for me!" cried the Woman.

"If you will pause and consider," replied the Sister, "you will realize that the probabilities of his being called upon to do that are very few indeed. Whereas the fact that he is very careless about brushing his clothes will be daily apparent to you."

"Dear me!" said the Woman. "And are Henry's manners so perfect?"

"They are all a woman could desire," replied the Sister. "He will take you anywhere you like, and he always admires your singing."

"But are you sure that down in the bottom of his heart he is a perfectly good man?" asked the Woman.

"Not at all," replied the Sister. "I have no means of seeing the bottom of his heart. But he always opens the door for me and hopes I slept well."

"How do you know," said the Woman, "that in some tremendous spiritual crisis he would not fail me?"

"I don't," the Sister replied. "We have never had any of those in the family. I should not marry with a view to having them, I think. But you are certain to have soup."

"Very well," said the Woman, "if that is your advice, I will take Henry."

Which she did and lived happily ever afterwards.

This teaches us to take care of the manners, and the morals will take care of themselves.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

From "Fables for the Fair," by special permission of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs Scribner & Sons.

HOW TERRY SAVED HIS BACON

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, *ma bouchal*! ¹ sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry: "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast; an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick: "Sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the *gossoons* ² at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it: why would I, 'an it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he; "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. But

¹ My boy. Pronounced *büch-öll* (ch as in German).

² Small boys. Derived from the French *garçon*.

sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it."

Well, into his greatcoat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot, now, boy, Terry. What'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop, stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your rivirence, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh! never mind: tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business; an' he bein' ingaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the devil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you;" and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins. "No, certainly not: give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest: "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" said Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

ANON.

SHARP PRACTICE

"AH! Ramsey, a precious seedy looking customer. 'Well, sir,' says old Fogg, looking at him very fierce—you know his way—'well, sir, have you come to settle?' 'Yes, I have, sir,' said Ramsey, putting his hand in his pocket, and bringing out the money; 'the debt's two pound ten, and the costs three pound five, and here it is, sir;' and he sighed like bricks, as he lugged out the money, done up in a bit of blotting-paper. Old Fogg looked first at the money, and then at him, and then he coughed in his rum way, so that I knew something was coming. 'You don't know there's a declaration filed, which increases the costs materially, I suppose?' said Fogg. 'You don't say that, sir,' said Ramsey, starting back; 'the time was only out last night, sir.' 'I do say it, though,' said Fogg, 'my clerk's just gone to file it. Hasn't Mr Jackson gone to file that declaration in Bullman and Ramsey, Mr Wicks?' Of course I said yes, and then Fogg coughed again, and looked at Ramsey. 'My God!' said Ramsey; 'and here have I nearly driven myself mad, scraping this money together, and all to no purpose.' 'None at all,' said Fogg, coolly; 'so you had better go back and scrape more together, and bring it here in time.' 'I can't get it, by—,' said

Ramsey, striking the desk with his fist. 'Don't bully me, sir,' said Fogg, getting into a passion on purpose. 'I am not bullying you, sir,' said Ramsey. 'You are,' said Fogg. 'Get out, sir; get out of this office, sir, and come back, sir, when you know how to behave yourself.' Well, Ramsey tried to speak, but Fogg wouldn't let him, so he put the money in his pocket and sneaked out. The door was scarcely shut when old Fogg turned round to me, with a sweet smile on his face, and drew the declaration out of his coat pocket. 'Here, Wicks,' says Fogg, 'take a cab, and go down to the Temple as quick as you can, and file that. The costs are quite safe, for he's a steady man with a large family, at a salary of five-and-twenty-shillings a week, and if he gives us a warrant of attorney, as he must in the end, I know his employers will see it paid; so we may as well get all we can out of him, Mr Wicks; it's a Christian act to do it, Mr Wicks, for with his large family, and small income, he'll be all the better for a good lesson against getting into debt, won't he, Mr Wicks, won't he?'—and he smiled so good-naturedly as he went away that it was delightful to see him. 'He is a capital man of business,' said Wicks, in a tone of the deepest admiration; 'capital, isn't he?'

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE KING'S BELL

ONCE upon a time, after a long and honourable reign, a king lay dying. He called to him his son and heir and said:

"The rights of a king will one day come to naught; he who seems to rule is the veriest slave of all. You must look for nothing but a life of trouble, and consider yourself fortunate if you can one day die in peace."

But the prince, being young and full of hope, and having the wilfulness and inexperience of youth, protested, as young persons will, that he knew better.

"The cares of state," he said, "shall sit lightly upon me. The life of a king should be one long holiday. I will show my courtiers and all the world what true happiness means. What is the use of being a king if one cannot be happy? Why, a bird in the air or a peasant in the field is better off than that! I am in no hurry for my kingdom—indeed, most dear father, I am not; but I shall be a happy king."

While he spoke his father sighed and died. When the royal mourning was over the new king ordered that a bell of silver should be placed upon the top of the palace in a high tower. Attached to it were many ropes, so arranged to connect with the rooms below that wherever the king might be one should be always near his hand.

"Whenever I am happy I shall ring the bell," he told his courtiers and friends; "and that, you shall see, will be often, for I am sure that my father's dying words were mistaken ones. Yes, I shall be a happy king."

So the years slipped by; and, though they listened, his people never heard the bell. One thing after another prevented the king from ringing it. "When I get through this grievous affair of state," he would say, "I shall be happy." But that affair would be succeeded by another. Then he would murmur: "This war over, peace will come, and the bell can be heard after." But before his hand could clasp the bell-rope, word would be brought of other outbreaks. So the bell was silent.

At last he, like his father, lay with his life slipping away. The priests came in good time to administer the last sacraments. A noise of weeping floated through the palace.

"What sound is that?" asked the king. They

dared not tell him. "I command you to tell me," he said to the grand chamberlain, but he turned away his face. A priest stepped towards him and said :

"The people, your majesty, are weeping because you are soon to leave them."

"Am I dying?"

"You are in grievous danger of death, and should think of your departing soul."

"And my people love me so that they weep because I am to leave them?" he demanded, eagerly.

"Sire, they would gladly die for you, they love you so," answered the priest.

Then such a beautiful look as no one there had ever seen overspread the face of the dying king. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and with its sweet and silver clangour sounding, and the consolations of Holy Church filling his soul, he passed to the rest of paradise.

ANON.

ON THE ART OF MAKING UP ONE'S MIND

"NOW, which would you advise, dear? You see, with the red I shan't be able to wear my magenta hat."

"Well, then, why not have the grey?"

"Yes—yes, I think the grey will be *more useful*."

"It's a good material."

"Yes, and it's a *pretty* grey. You know what I mean, dear; not a *common* grey. Of course grey is always an *uninteresting* colour."

"It's quiet."

"And then again, what I feel about the red is that it is so warm-looking. Red makes you *feel* warm even when you're *not* warm. You know what I mean, dear."

"Well, then, why not have the red? It suits you—red."

"No; do you really think so?"

"Well, when you've got a colour, I mean, of course."

"Yes, that *is* the drawback to red. No, I think, on the whole, the grey is *safer*."

"Then you will take the grey, madam?"

"Yes, I think I'd better; don't you, dear?"

"I like it myself very much."

"And it is good wearing stuff. I shall have it trimmed with—— Oh! you haven't cut it off, have you?"

"I was just about to, madam."

"Well, don't for a moment. Just let me have another look at the red. You see, dear, it has just occurred to me—that chinchilla would look so well on the red."

"So it would, dear."

"And, you see, I've *got* the chinchilla."

"Then have the red. Why not?"

"Well, there is the hat I'm thinking of."

"You haven't anything else you could wear with that?"

"Nothing at all, and it would go so *beautifully* with the grey.—Yes, I think I'll have the grey. It's always a safe colour—grey."

"Fourteen yards I think you said, madam?"

"Yes, fourteen yards will be enough; because I shall mix it with—— One minute. You see, dear, if I take the grey I shall have nothing to wear with my black jacket."

"Won't it go with grey?"

"Not well—not so well as with red."

"I should have the red then. You evidently fancy it yourself."

"No, personally I prefer the grey. But then one must think of *everything*, and—— Good gracious! that's surely not the right time?"

"No, madam, it's ten minutes slow. We always keep our clocks a little slow."

"And we were to have been at Madame Jannaway's at a quarter-past twelve. How long shopping does take! Why, whatever time did we start?"

"About eleven, wasn't it?"

"Half-past ten. I remember now; because, you know, we said we'd start at half-past nine. We've been two hours already!"

"And we don't seem to have done much, do we?"

"Done literally nothing, and I meant to have done *so* much. I *must* go to Madame Jannaway's. Have you got my purse, dear? Oh, it's all right, I've got it."

"Well, *now* you haven't decided whether you're going to have the grey or the red."

"I'm sure I don't know what I *do* want now. I had made up my mind a minute ago, and now it's all gone again—oh, yes, I remember, the red. Yes, I'll have the red. No, I don't mean the red, I mean the grey."

"You were talking about the red last time, if you remember, dear."

"Oh, so I was, you're quite right. That's the worst of shopping. Do you know I get quite confused sometimes."

"Then you will decide on the red, madam?"

"Yes—yes, I shan't do any better, shall I, dear? What do *you* think? You haven't got any other shades of red, have you? This is such an *ugly* red."

The shopman reminds her that she has seen all the other reds, and that this is the particular shade she selected and admired.

"Oh, very well," she replies, with the air of one from whom all earthly cares are falling, "I must take that, then, I suppose. I can't be worried about it any longer. I've wasted half the morning already."

Outside she recollects three insuperable objections to the red, and four unanswerable arguments why she should have selected the grey. She wonders

would they change it, if she went back and asked to see the shopwalker? Her friend, who wants her lunch, thinks not.

"That is what I hate about shopping," she says. "One never has time to really *think*."

She says she shan't go to that shop again.

JEROME K. JEROME.

*From "Three Men in a Boat," by special permission
of the Author.*

IMPROVISING

"COME here!" shouted Mrs Lorne fiercely to her husband.

He slipped nimbly out of the pantry, where he had retreated under the pretence of cleaning his gardening tools.

"What did I marry you for?" demanded the lady.

"Spite," was the unhesitating response.

"It's a lot of good me a-screwin' an' scrattin' to keep the home what it is, an' the first bit of overtime money you have for a fortnight you want to get your boots mended with it instead of turning it up." She thrust his shabby boots before his face. "What do you want doin' to them, I ask you?"

He knocked them away, retorting: "Soling and heeling. What do you think they want—old Irish lace tops putting round?"

"You leave my lace yokes be. They was given me by my poor Aunt Aggie, as knows what a life you lead me. Don't stand there like a fool. Speak, can't you? Say summut."

Mrs Lorne was getting into form. Her husband opened his mouth to speak. "Shut up," she screamed; "I won't 'ave no back answers off you. I won't 'ave it. You ain't a man."

"If you don't shut up I'll go." He was going to finish—"out for the night." But she towered above him: "That's it, threaten me, strike me! Strike me," she reiterated.

The door opened and their son John entered from work. He was thin and pale, but it suited him. His mother began to weep. "It's a good job you've come in," she sniffed, "else there's no knowin' how many black eyes I might 'ave by now. The brute will murder me one of these nights."

John Lorne sighed. He crossed over to the piano, which filled one side of the small sitting-room. The woman began noisily to get his tea as he ran his fingers along the keys. He played a fluting chord. "I don't know whatever I married you for," rasped his mother's voice. "My overtime money," suggested his father.

John touched the notes softly as if he were seeking some tune he had lost. After a few bars he became more certain, and wandered into spring-like music. The troubled voice of a nightingale broke through. The song of the other birds died away in tribulation, until only the nightingale remained.

Mrs Lorne must have heard the nightingale, too, for she laid down the cups and saucers without a bang, and quietly took up a shirt she had been mending. John gazed vacantly at the blue roses on the wallpaper before him as he played. The nightingale sang on.

As the piano ceased Mr Lorne sat up.

"You'd better 'ave your tea," said the lady. "What was it you was just playing?"

"That was only improvising," replied John Lorne.

"Well, it's the best thing you play. It's that good it seems new every time I hear it." She picked up the boots again, remarking: "They are shabby, aren't they? I think I'll buy you a new pair to-morrow."

"No, go on, it's all right. I can mend them myself. I've got a piece of leather left," said Lorne.

"Well, do both. It won't hurt him to have two pairs," proposed John. And they all sat round to tea.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

By kind permission of "Everyman."

THE BROTHERHOOD O' MAN

SOME time ago I heard a grand Lecture on the Brotherhood o' Man, and I was so much impressed with what I heard that I felt it was my duty to join right away some Society which would have that for its motto.

The "Freemasons" would be the very thing, I was tell'd, but says I to mysel'—I'm no' just sure o' the Masons' creed; mind you, I wish to tramp on nae taes, for I've heard that one Mason will do anything he can for another, will help him in a' his difficulties, gie him the verra hair off his heid—if he has it to spare—and do mair for him than ony o' his natural brothers would do. Still, someone had whispered in my ear that the first night you join the Masons, you must come before the members exactly as Adam appeared in the garden o' Eden! Now, as I'm no' just a Venus de Milo, I didna like this bit o' the business at all, and I decided to take the matter to Alexandrum—as the lawyer bodies say.

The other Society I was advised to join was the Burns Club o' the toon in which I live. Its motto was, "It's comin' yet for a' that"—meanin', of course, the Brotherhood o' Man, no' the Woman's Suffrage—although, in my opinion, you ladies would get all you want and more, if you would take Mr Lloyd George round the neck (no' to choke him, of course),

instead of throwing epitaphs and other things at him.

Well, the Burns Club and the Burns Dinner being, so to speak, one and the same thing, and my faither, gude man, having aye been a great admirer o' the poet, I thocht I wad grace the Dinner with my presence. I'm no' a great Burns scholar mysel', but I ken the names o' some o' his poems—therefore I was qualified for membership o' the Club, and, as I'm telling you, I went to the Dinner.

The first thing that impressed me was the grand printed programme, which was decked wi' thistles o' gold, and streamin' wi' tartan like a hieland chief. The bill o' fare, needless to say, was a gude one. At the top o' it was printed in big letters—

“I will be blithe and licht,
My heart is bent upon sae gude a nicht ;
Like brithers a' we'll do our part—
May friendship's torch be lit in every heart.”

For mysel'—I was starvin' wi' hunger, for, wi' an eye to the price o' my ticket, I had ta'en nae solids since breakfast ; and it wasna my *heart* that cried oot wi' joyful anticipation, but a bit o' me nearer the foot o' my waistcoat. I was fair starvin' and my puir stomach was beginning to think I had lockjaw.

Oh ! there must hae been a mighty slaughter for this occasion, all the bullocks, soos, and auld roosters in the countryside had been transformed into cockie-leekie, beef, ham, roast turkey, and potted-heid. Then there was a great, big steamin' haggis, for, of course, nae haggis, nae Burns Dinner—that's the rule, and the chieftain o' the puddin' race was there a' richt, but there wasna much left o' his sonsie face when we were done wi' him, I can tell you.

Everything has an end, and a puddin' has twa—as Shakespeare says in his *Paradise Lost*—and so

we warstled through to the end o' the bill o' fare at last. At this stage, the programme announced :

“ Happy we'll be a' thegither,
Happy we'll be, ane and a',
Time will see us a' the blyther
Ere we rise to gang awa'.”

The last twa lines hit it neat ; but some o' the braw chieles found it not quite so easy to rise to the occasion when the time came for them to depart.

Well, the toasts were maist wonderfu'. First, we were reminded o' the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family by the chairman, who said they grand folks wad nae doot be partakin' o' haggis and cockie-leekie at that verra meenit—perhaps ! After this came the Imperial Forces (washed doon wi' imperial stout), and then—the chairman rose to propose the toast o' the evenin'.

“ Friends and brithers,” said he, and a hush fell on the company, while every lug was turned to catch his words—“ Friends and brithers,” he repeated, and his voice trembled at the thought o' sae mony near relations, “ I rise to propose the immortal memory o' *Tommy Burns!*”

There was an uncanny silence for a wee, then some o' his hearers gied a bit laugh, and a chiel at his elbow whispered, “ Robbie, man ; *Robbie Burns.*” And then the maist awfu' argument got up I ever heard in my life. Some were for Robbie, some for Tommy, and others for Rob, or Robbin—but a' were agreed that the hin'most bit o' the name was Burns. As for me, what wi' sae mony different opeenions, the richts o' it were fair driven oot o' my heid.

“ Ah, weel !” said the chairman, when this bit blast had blawn ower, “ Tommy, or Robbie, hae it as it suits ye best, lads, it's a' the same now, for he's deid and buried 500 years syne ; and so we'll drink a fu' measure to his memory.”

There was nae counter-motion to that at anyrate. Then there were mighty cheers—the company sat doon again, and some o' them had verra little memory left o' their ain.

Mair toasts, as weel as sangs, followed, till I thocht it was time I was goin' home to the wife (she's a grand hand wi' the poker, ye ken), and so I didna stay to see the finish.

The next morning I had a sair heid, somehow; but when I was lookin' at the papers I found the pages were crammed fu' o' speeches and poetry. Here's one I learned off by heart:—

“Hail, Scotia's Bard! thy touch hath waked
A harmony sublime,
The thrill and passion of whose chords
Shall vibrate through all time.

“Thy poet's heart responsive beat
To Nature's varying moods;
Full rich thou wert in gifts o' mind,
Though poor in worldly goods.

“The sorrows of thy brother-man
Were thine, his hopes, his fears;
And thine the power to move to mirth,
Or dim the eyes with tears.”

Them's my sentiments, richt enough! Oh, aye; you were a grand hand wi' the pen, Robbie, my man, but for a' that—it's a gude thing that you've only one birthday in the year.

JAMES DEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

PROPITIATION

THE short cut to the river is certainly through the stableyard and past the home farm. If you run all the way you can get there in five minutes—or seven, allowing for falls. Diccon usually ran, and he usually took seven minutes, because he was such a small boy. This afternoon he took fully ten minutes: you cannot even walk fast when you are carrying a large wooden engine and a full-sized Teddy bear.

He staggered along the footpath to the bridge and threw his red engine and Teddy bear over the parapet into the water.

“There you are, God,” he said. It was not a willing sacrifice; but he simply had to give God these things, so that Babs need not die. Perhaps the red engine and Teddy would take off His attention. Diccon hung over the parapet. Teddy spun wildly, with imploring arms, in the eddy below the bridge, till he sank, water-logged and drowned; the red engine rode far down the stream, wheels uppermost. They were the things Diccon loved beyond all his other toys. He comprehended suddenly the unspeakable emptiness of his life now that they were gone. But God despised half-gifts; nothing less than the best would satisfy Him; one knew that because of Cain.

Back came the small boy through the wet meadow to the house. It had been raining for days, and the nettles smelt horribly. He wondered whether Teddy had got to Heaven yet. He pictured the golden floor of Heaven, and Teddy sitting under the Tree of Life with its fruits, while angel-children played with him. Perhaps he had a small golden sailor-hat by now, and little wings growing; he had been such a good Teddy.

He would be frightfully happy, of course. It was more difficult to imagine the translation of the engine.

.

The doctor's motor was still there. Diccon went in at the front door. There was no one about. The house was as still as still. Then he came suddenly on nurse. She was crying with great sobs. "Oh, Master Diccon!" she said. By this he knew that Babs had died, after all.

DORIS L. MACKINNON.

By kind permission of "Everyman."

THE WOMAN WHO HELPED HER SISTER

THERE was once a Woman who had read in a book that the best way to become dear to a Man was to cook appetising dishes for him. Therefore when a nice Man called on her it was her custom to retire and compose delicious lunches in an American chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to entertain the Man till her return. Her Sister would not learn to cook, because she did not care to.

One day the Man invited the Woman to go to the theatre with him. This she would have liked to do very much, but she remembered what she had read, and replied:

"I will tell you something better. Take my Sister to the theatre, and when you come home I will have a nice supper waiting for you."

"Oh, very well!" said the Man. That evening he fell in love with the Sister, and some time later he asked her to marry him.

"But I thought it was my sister you came to see," said she; "and besides that I fear I should make a poor wife. I am not practical and I cannot cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at first, it

is true, to see your sister, but I saw very little of her because she stayed in the dining-room so much. So that I grew to admire you. And as for your not cooking, that is easily arranged. Your sister can live with us and manage all that very nicely.

This teaches us that you must catch your hare before you cook for him.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

(From "*Fables for the Fair*," by special permission of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs Scribner & Sons.)

AN INCIDENT

I AM going to tell you a little incident of two racing men on a railway journey from one town to another, and held up at a junction for two hours, as one invariably is on Sunday travelling. Bill suggests to Harry that they have a walk along the country road. They go for a stroll—and come within hearing of the village church bells. Says Harry to Bill: "Hark at those bells, Bill—ain't that lovely—them's *church* bells, them is—Bill, ain't that lovely! come on!" (They stroll along the road and stop outside the village church—stand looking at one another.)

"Hark! Bill—'Abide with me' (repeat 'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide')—ain't it lovely? It's the congregation singing—makes you think, Bill, don't it, of the times when we were boys? we're not so bad as we're painted—let's go in, Bill; it'll remind us of old times: come on."

(In they go, get into a pew and sit down—they are handed a Prayer Book and Hymn Book, and they start fumbling with the pages.)

"Bill," says Harry, "I've forgotten the places! I can't find the place."

"Garn!—what Sunday is it?"

"Blimey! don't you know?—second Sunday after Ascot."

WILBERT GAMBLE.

By kind permission of the Author

WHY THEY DIE YOUNG

Scene—BOX-OFFICE OF FRIVOLITY THEATRE.

Enter—Two Ladies.

"Two seats, please."

"For to-night?"

"Why, yes, of course, to-night!"

"What price seats?"

"Five shilling seats."

(The ticket-seller looks over his ticket rack, selects two tickets and lays them before the ladies.)

"Are these good seats, now?"

"Very good, indeed—numbers 5 and 7."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, madam."

"Where are they?"

"Near the centre of the orchestra."

"How far is that from the stage?"

"Nine rows."

"Nine rows! Oh, that is too far back."

"They are excellent seats, I assure you."

"Can you hear well there?"

"Splendidly."

"And see well?"

"Certainly."

"But don't you think nearer the stage would be better?"

"No; I don't think so."

"I don't think I'd like these."

"Well, I can give you two in B."

"In B?"

"Yes."

"Where's B?"

"Second row from the orchestra rail."

"Isn't that too near the music?"

"Well, it is rather close."

"I don't like to be near the orchestra."

"The tickets I first offered you are more desirable."

"But I don't like them."

"Where would you like to have your seats, then?"

"Where would you suggest?"

"I'd take them farther back."

"I don't like back seats at all. Have you any in H?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then let me see them."

(The ticket man picks out two seats, 9 and 11 H.)

"Are these end seats?"

"No, they are near the middle."

"Can you see there?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you got any end seats?"

"No."

"That's too bad. I like end seats, or at least my husband likes them. He is very nervous, you know, and he always goes out when the curtain goes down."

"Yes, madam; there are a great many nervous gentlemen in London."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, madam; I know so."

"Dear me, how strange."

"Very."

"Are you nervous?"

"No, but I'm getting that way."

"Oh, so sorry."

"Shall you take these tickets?"

"You say you haven't any end seats?"

"Not one left in the house."

"Let me see a diagram."

"There is one before you, madam."

"Oh, yes. So there is."

(The ladies study the diagram, and have a dialogue about the seats, location, and advantage and disadvantage of sitting in particular seats, totally oblivious of the fact that there are a dozen other people waiting to get at the window.)

"What part of the house is this?"

"That's the stage."

"The stage? Dear me! Does it look like that?"

"I suppose so."

"Suppose! Don't you know?"

"No."

"Why don't you know?"

"Excuse me, madam; but will you kindly make your selection of tickets, as there are a number of other ladies and gentlemen waiting to purchase?"

"I think you are very rude."

"Pardon me, madam; but——"

"No explanation necessary."

"What tickets will you take?"

"Oh, give me two here."

"Yes, madam."

"These are good? Pardon me for asking."

"Certainly."

"What time does the curtain go up?"

"Eight o'clock."

"When does Miss Terry come on?"

"Miss Terry?" asks the ticket-seller, in wild surprise.

"Yes, Miss Terry."

"This is the Frivolity Theatre, madam."

"What? I thought it was the Lyceum, and I want to see Miss Terry play Olivia. I shan't want the

tickets if Miss Terry isn't here. Excuse me, where is the Lyceum Theatre?"

"Across the street."

(Exeunt.)

(After this, we are not surprised if theatre ticket-sellers "die young"; or—take to drink.)

GEORGE STRONACH.

By kind permission of the Author.

WHAT HE FORGOT

WHEN Mr Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing-table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlour fire has coal on. I put the cake-box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letters as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or an engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair-backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all

inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by a ringing laugh, and the query from Mrs Jenkins :

“ Why didn't you take off your hat ? ”

ANON.

GOLDEN SYRUP

As a small child I sat on the nursemaid's knee at bed-time and contemplated my supper of arrowroot. I had had my bath ; I was warm and comfortable ; I liked the feeling of my nightgown and the smell of damp towels drying on the guard.

The nursemaid tied on my feeder over my flannel nightgown. “ Be a good child,” it said in red cross-stitch. With assumed interest I drew the nursemaid's attention to some of the more familiar letters. She put me through my alphabetical paces, and interpreted the motto for me. The diversion was short. She became aware of the cooling arrowroot, and dipped her spoon. The spoon broke through the surface skin, and showed the liquid stuff beneath, steaming hot. Then it was at my lips.

“ Sup them up,” said the nursemaid, who was Scotch. I swallowed obediently. The thing had to be gone through with.

But soon I saw the hopelessness of the undertaking. It was not like eating cornflour or even porridge. In these firmer foods you could measure your progress ; you made a clearly defined bay, which grew with each successive spoonful until you came triumphant, if replete, to the other side—exactly like the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea in my Bible-book. It was impossible to make any such impression on arrowroot. For every spoonful swallowed there

flowed in a fresh rush of thick white stuff from every side. A constant level was maintained. It became very disheartening.

"Be a good child," she said.

She had recently told me what would be my fate if I were a bad child. I sat up.

"If I don't, shall I go to hell?" I asked. She said she expected so.

Unutterable boredom and nausea had seized me. Soon the fires of hell seemed preferable to another spoonful of that pale glue. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and in a desperate moment I spat out what I could. The devil did not instantly appear, so it is to the nursemaid's undying credit that she did not appeal to Nana. Instead, she fetched from the cupboard a clear glass jar of golden syrup, and, when she had dipped a spoonful, she traced upon the surface of that loathsome arrowroot a glittering golden pattern. Soon I saw, even through the distortion of my tears, that here was no common, unmeaning wriggle, but the outline of some great four-legged thing.

"That's a dromedary," said the nursemaid. And so it was. He had a long, long neck, and a hump upon his back, and a little tail, and long, thin legs, and he was racing over the white desert of my arrowroot—a wondrous, golden beast.

"Now," said the nursemaid, "we will eat this dromedary." I had never eaten a common camel before, still less a dromedary, and the idea filled me with excitement. First I ate his long, thin legs, and then his thread-like tail, and then his golden body with its hump, and last of all I ate his long, long neck, and then his proud head with its great golden eye. Spoonful by spoonful. He tasted very good. And then I saw, to my amazement, that all the arrowroot was finished as well, and I needn't go to hell to-night.

The nursemaid wiped my mouth with the feeder, and kissed me. "To-morrow night," she said, "you shall eat an elephant. Now say grace."

I folded my hands; they stuck together by reason of the syrup on them. "Thank God for my good dromedary. Amen."

DORIS L. MACKINNON.

By kind permission of "Everyman."

LEVINSKY'S GREAT SCHEME

LEVINSKY, despairing of his life, made an appointment with a famous specialist. He was surprised to find fifteen or twenty people in the waiting-room.

After a few minutes he leaned over to a gentleman near him and whispered, "Say, mine frient, this must be a pretty goot doctor, ain't he?"

"One of the best," the gentleman told him.

Levinsky seemed to be worrying over something.

"Vell, say," he whispered again, "he must be pretty exbensive, then, ain't he? Vat does he charge?"

The stranger was annoyed by Levinsky's questions and answered rather shortly: "Fifty dollars for the first consultation and twenty-five dollars for each visit thereafter."

"Mine Gott!" gasped Levinsky, "fifty tollars the first time and twenty-five tollars each time afterwards!"

For several minutes he seemed undecided whether to go or to wait. "Und twenty-five tollars each time afterwards," he kept muttering. Finally, just as he was called into the office, he was seized with a brilliant inspiration. He rushed toward the doctor with outstretched hands.

"Hello, doctor," he said effusively. "Vell, here I am again."

ANON.

THE SINGER AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN

IN a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet ; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes ; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange ; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed with air and words ; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre ; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands ; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

.
"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh ! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile ; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing said, "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, "you, a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, “Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realised a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven.”

ANON.

FATHER'S GOAT

WE live near the Zoo, and when it was rumoured that a wolf had escaped, I noticed that father looked rather worried. So I said, “Don't you worry, leave that to the wolf.” I knew he wasn't really afraid, for the grass in our garden is not always long enough for a wolf to hide in, but he was considering the matter from an economic point of view.

“It's the war prices,” he replied. “It has been bad enough keeping one wolf from the door; however shall we manage to keep away two?”

Some days later, when we were all at breakfast, father made an important announcement on the

subject of food economy. He had looked at it from all sides, he said, and had come to the conclusion that it was both a necessity and a duty.

Beheading his third egg, he remarked:

"Eggs are eggs, now-a-days."

"Well," I interjected, "they're no different from what they used to be. Personally, I never mistook them for potatoes, or mixed them up with oranges or onions."

"You don't understand," he admonished, with some dignity. "I was referring to the price of eggs. Yet, what we can't cure we must just endure."

"It's the cured ones that are the worst to endure," I said. But he took no notice, and continued:

"So we must just pay, or do without. I have thought of a hen-run. From what one hears, however, it doesn't pay to keep hens. The food is scandalously dear, and you can't convince hens that it is their duty to lay—they're as unreasonable as all feminine gender. No, hens are out of the question. There's the milk though"—he pointed to the morning's supply. "How much does that cost?"

"That's tenpence worth, or what's left of it."

"There you are; why, I've seen as much for twopence! No, it won't do. I've got an idea."

Father has had a lot of ideas in his time, but somehow the flowering process has never been a complete success.

"I have really two ideas," he informed us. "First, I intend to take an allotment."

I wondered at that, for the ground attached to the house has generally been a season or so behind in the matter of working. But, like Brer Rabbit, I "lay low and said nothing."

"We must not touch the lawn; it cost too much, and I have a better use for it."

"This year," he intimated, "I do not intend to use the back-garden for vegetables—that's where the

allotment will come in. No, I have a better idea than that." He paused; then, with proud deliberation, he announced:—

"I have decided to keep a goat."

"A what?" we exclaimed, with one hysterical voice.

"No, a goat," he repeated, "not a what. I have never heard of any such animal."

Then an awed silence fell on the family.

"Think for a moment what it means from an economic point of view. A good goat will give from three to six pints of milk per day. The Nubian goat is said to yield as much as from three to four quarts per day of milk of superior quality. Therefore, if possible, we must get a Nubian goat."

I never had any idea that father possessed so much general knowledge. If fate ever wrecked us all on an island, I thought, what a fine Swiss Family Robinson sort of life we would enjoy with such a father.

"And who is to milk it?" asked someone, meekly.

"I, myself, shall do the milking," he heroically responded.

One day, when my younger sister and I had just come in from a walk, I heard her exclaim as she glanced from the window:

"Oh, whatever is that in the garden? Run for father, quick! It's some terrible animal escaped from the Zoo—it's the wolf!"

I ran to the window. "Why," said I, "it's not a wolf—unless it's a wolf in goat's clothing. It's the goat."

We hurried down, and found father equipped with a large pail, and ready to sally forth.

I asked him if the animal was to remain outside all night, or how it was to be accommodated. But father had thought of everything. He said he intended to build a shed for it: meantime its night

quarters would be in the coalhouse, where there was plenty of room, owing to the coal famine.

Ere he issued forth, we rushed upstairs to our bedroom, which, we thought, would make a grand-stand worthy of the occasion, the whole family, mother included, following.

When the goat arrived we had all been out except mother. She was busy at the time and instructed the man who brought it to put it in the garden and tie it to something. It was tethered to an apple tree and, for the time being, seemed occupied with the question of whether there was going to be a fine growth of new shoots. It looked a docile animal, meet for a daisy chain, and likely to prove an asset as a family pet.

By-and-bye father came out, pail in hand, and approached the goat. If he had faced it all the time, things might have been different. Either he did not gauge the length of the tether, or was deceived by the creature's mask of innocence. Anyhow, he turned his back on it for a few seconds, and stooped to tie his shoe-lace, or something—and, well, of course, he never milked that goat.

New proverb: "Never tie your shoe-lace near a goat."

When the excitement had subsided, a man was sent for to perform the milking operation, and we trusted that a nice supper of goat's milk would have a soothing effect on father after his one-reel drama.

But there was no milk that evening. And no wonder! For, what do you think? It was a *billy-goat*.

JAMES DEY.

By kind permission of the Author.

JOHNNIE SINGS IN A STRANGE PLACE

JOHNNIE was fond of playing in front of the foundry gates, for he knew that his father was somewhere on the other side. Saturday was his great day. He spent the forenoon in scampering along the smooth pavement that ran round three sides of the foundry. Now and again he would cross the street and ask at the milk shop: "Will it be lang till the horn blaws." There was no sound in the world so grand to Johnnie as that.

One summer when his mother was alive he had been to the seaside, and at night in the little house where he lodged he could hear the sea dashing up on the shore; but even that did not thrill him like the roar of the horn, that woke him in the dark winter mornings and summoned his father to his work.

The machinery inside the foundry begins to slacken off a bit; the gates fly open. On and on the men come, and Johnnie's eyes gleam with pride when his father steps forward to the clerk at the window of the pay-box and claims his wages.

The afternoon is far on and wee Johnnie's father has not come home yet. When the last man came out of the foundry and the gates closed behind him, Johnnie ran on, in the hope of overtaking his father on the stair. He liked to take hold of his father's hand and mount the steps two at a time. The world was not so lonely then, and he did not miss his mother quite so much. For some Saturdays his father had kept true to the promise he had made to his dying wife, who said: "Ye'll no' let the drink get the better of ye. Ye'll no' let the drink mak' ye forget our wee Johnnie." "I ken my failin'," he said, "and if only ye had been spared to me, I wad hae been a better man; but I promise to take care o' wee Johnnie. God help me." And for weeks after the

neighbours spoke of his tenderness to the motherless bairn. These Saturdays were wonderful days in the life of wee Johnnie ; but they passed out of his life like a dream. He returned from the foundry gates one Saturday ; but no father waited to take him up the stair.

It was late at night when his father staggered home and Johnnie was ordered to bed with a curse. He crawled in and lay at the back with a heart like to break. He put the blankets over his head to say his prayers, and at last there came a smothered little cry : " Mother, Mother." Then he fell asleep.

But he got hardened. Something told him he must be brave, that he must watch his father. He found out where his father was going on Saturdays. The public-house was just on the other side of the street, and through the long afternoons till the darkness fell Johnnie sat and waited.

This afternoon he could not stay in. The singing of the men in the public-house was more attractive than usual, and he wanted to get nearer it. Some one had been giving " Annie Laurie," and Johnnie knew the air. When the singer sat down there was rapping of glasses on the table and great applause. This made Johnnie leave home, cross the street and stand outside the public-house door to hear as much of the singing as he could, and he wondered if his father would sing.

Darkness was beginning to fall and Johnnie was tired. A man came out to turn on the lights in the doorway, and when Johnnie asked him, " Wull you let me in to see my father ? " the man said, " All right, Johnnie, come after me."

The handle of the door was turned and the waiter appeared. " Wee Johnnie, gents," he said. With that he closed the door again, and Johnnie was inside. The chairman was taken aback, and the men looked up. They were angry at him, and he turned to his father. " Dinna be angry, father ; I was wearyin' at

hame, and when I heard the singing I wanted to come in. Ye'll no pit me oot, father? I'll just sit quiet and listen. The chairman said, "Not at all, Johnnie, we're no angry! We're glad to see you, my man; come up beside me. Why, you'll sing something to us." At this Johnnie's father put his arm round his boy and would have detained him; but the notion of singing to the company was so charming to Johnnie that he was at the chairman's side at once. "Gentlemen," the chairman cried, tapping on the table with his tumbler, "attention to Wee Johnnie's song."

Johnnie stood up on a seat, the faces of all the men were before him, but he did not feel put about. He began—and it was as if the angels had come down to drown the sad mirth of the public-house with one of their songs.

"There is a Happy Land, far, far away"—clear and sweet Johnnie's voice filled the back room, then it swelled out into the other compartments, and men who were drinking laid down their glasses. The bells ceased to ring. Waiters and customers at the counter looked round to listen.

"Come to that Happy Land, come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay." It was a strange place for such a silence as prevailed, and many a one had better thoughts for Johnnie's pleading.

When he came to the last lines—"Bright in that Happy Land beams every eye"—his voice was so thrilling that all held their breath, and a woman bursting into tears slipped away from the counter into the street.

Johnnie never looked down as he went on singing. He seemed to be seeing his mother, and his eyes danced with real pleasure. When he finished he looked towards his father for a word of encouragement. His father's head was bent down; but Johnnie went forward and put his hand on his knee. "Ye're no angry, father?" Johnnie grew frightened, and looked

round upon the others—there was a strange look in their faces. The chairman felt he must say something, and rose to his feet : “Gentlemen,” he said, “we have reached the end of the programme, and this is likely to be the last concert of the season.” And he was right.

The men gave up their drinking concerts.

ANON (*adapted*).

A NIPPY TONGUE

IT was Sabbath morning I made for Betty Reid's abode, where I was sure to find the old invalided woman cushioned high in an arm-chair and drawn near the little window, from which coign of vantage she could watch and comment upon the different passers-by, as they wended their way along the street to the forenoon service. “Ay, imphin; whae're thae gaun up the far side, Meg?—That's, let me see—that's Leezie Wulson and her man.—Humph, Leezie Wulson is it—weel, aith, an' ye wud think to see them gaun cancin' along the street cheek by jowl that they were aye the best o' freens, an' Nancy Murray, wha leeves but-an'-ben wi' them tells me—an' mind ye, that juist yince removed—that they sometimes kick up the very deevil. Ay, it's no' easy judgin' fowk by their Sunday behavior.—Is that a beuk Leezie hes i' her haun'?—Ay, says Meg, it's a new yin too.—Ise warrant it's new an' faceable noo, or she wudna haud it up sae heigh. An' Tam'll hae an umberellie i' his haun'. They tell me he never thinks he's richt snod without an umberellie. Hairmless body, Tam. I'm aye wae for him, wi' a tinkler o' a wife like Leezie.—Is that Jess Wabster crossing the syre.—No, that's Heughsie Williamson, an' she's had her Paisley shawl weshen. It's braw an' clean.—Ay,

weel, if her shawl's clean, I'll wager her kitchen flae's no'. Awfu' hudder, Heughsie, an' aye was—so was her mither. It rins i' the blid—like wudden legs.—An' there's Geordie Muncey—Greetin' Geordie we aye caa'd him. There's never onything gangs richt wi' him. He's aye lookin' oot for troubles and worries, an' he's no' aftin disappointed. His soo dee't wi' some queer complaint that baffled Fletcher a month come Monday; and his wife, they tell me, had twins last Tuesday. Nae wunner he's forfouchten lookin'.—Guidsake, whae's that i' the middle o' the road—I do declare it's Nancy Rae frae Carronbrig. Thae Carronbrig fowk are deevils—an—a' to gang to the kirk. Nocht keeps them back—wund nor water. But Nancy's no' wise to come oot sae sune. Sic a trauchle she maun hae—a feckless, no-weel man, eleven weans, an' the youngest o' them no' a month auld. Faith, an' they'll be a' tummlin' ower yin anither like collie puppies. Nancy's mither was an awfu' tairger—Bet Black was her name. She cam' frae the wast country, was three times mairret, an' dee'd o' drink—I mind when she—preserve us a', wha's the smirkin' pair that gaed by the noo? Michty me, lookit straucht in—to see that her bonnet was sittin' richt, nae doot.—Whae were they, Meg?"

Meg had caught a glisk of them as they passed, and was in a position to satisfy her aunt's curiosity. "It's Davie Tamson and his wife. They're to be kirked the day."

"Imphin, lovan ay, noo—of course, imphin. He mairret Bell Grier's dochter, didn't he?—Ay, Leib, the second auldest. She was a dressmaker in Dumfries.—Aye; just so, imphin. Puir Davie, simple soul, worrit a whalp. As for her—I dinna ken what kinna worker she'll be, but they tell me she's a capital guid dancer."

"There's Tam Hotson's dochter gaun across the syre," says Meg. "That's her last year's bonnet

tished up a bit. There's a feather at the back noo, whaur there was a flo'er afore."

"Rax me ma lang-sichted specks, Meg."

"Faigs, Aunt, I dinna think ye need ony better specks; ye're seein' brawly."

"Nae havers noo, Meg, gie's ma specks.—Weel, weel, there goes Aggie Crosbie wi' her heid i' the air like a cat wi' a herrin'—a leebral supporter o' the kirk, they tell me, an' she hungers her bit servant lassie. Sic on-gauns, Prood naebody!—What was she afore she mairret Robbie Crosbie? I min' o' her when she had neither buits or shoon to her feet. She never wud learn at the schule. She's nae notion o' ony warld ootside the hills roon' about, and thinks Ameriky's awa somewhere ayont the quarry.—Ay, just so, Wattie Semple, there ye go. Aith, an' ye're no' a beauty. I really think ye're the warst faur'd man in a' Thornhill."

"He canna help that," ventured Meg mildly.

"No, deed no, we mauna ca' the Almighty's wark in question. A' the same, Wattie nicht aye stay about hame." The passing throng of worshippers became denser, and for a time it was difficult to particularise. Betty meanwhile lay back in the chair, and at times crooned snatches of an old Psalm tune.

"There's young Tammas Hairstanes hame frae Lunnon, an' a wise-like chiel he is," says Meg, after a pause.

"Whae say ye, Meg?" Betty asked excitedly.

"Tammas Hairstanes—auld Tammas Hairstanes' grandson. That's him fornent Suffie Boyes' door."

Betty had staggered to her feet—"Ay, that's a Hairstanes, every inch o' him—a grandson' o' Tammas Hairstanes—my Tammas—My Tammas that was." Then she looked vacantly round her little kitchen, and after a pause asked Meg to sit down beside her. Quietly she sat with Meg's hand in hers. "It's sixty years sin' my auld hert has been touched

as it has been the noo. I thocht a' thae years that I had leev'd it doon, but there's a corner there yet. Ay, it's a lang time tae look back on, an' it's been a dreary life for me. But it was a' my ain daein' an' the Lord's will. Nae man o' ony spunk can staun to be slichted, an' I slichted Tammas Hairstanes. It was the nicht o' a Langmire Kirn, an' Tammas had danced twice rinnin' wi' Marget Brydon. When he cam' to tak' me hame I tel't him to gang away wi' Marget. Dear me, I mind his words to this day—'Hoots, Betty, lass—Marget Brydon's no' worth a thocht, and you are a' the world to me.' Pride an' jealousy stept in atween us, an' my dream was at an end. I could hae lipped my life i' his keepin'. Ay, it a' comes back frae the past, an' the memory as time gangs by comes a' the clearer."

JOSEPH LAING WAUGH.

*From "Thornhill and its Worthies,"
by kind permission of the Author.*

A GOOD DINNER

I NEVER but once found anything here in excess of my expectations of even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had just come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eaten a hundred there at a time, always feeling that I could eat more if I had them. So when I arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered my dinner to be served in my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a cup of strong coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half-shell, with

vinegar—no lemons—and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry.”

“Ahem! Miss, did you want a hundred?”

“Yes, I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice large ones.”

“No, no, miss. All right, you shall have dem,” and he went out.

I continued my writing and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

“How is this?” said I. “There are no oysters.”

“Dey’s comin’, miss, dey’s comin’,” and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa’s burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell.

I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the washstand and one on the bed, and I said:

“They are very small, aren’t they?”

“Oh, no, miss, de bery largest we’s got.”

“Very well,” said I; “you can go. If I want any more I’ll ring.”

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

“’Fore God, Jo, if she eats all dem oysters, she’s a dead woman.”

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand. They all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. California oysters are small and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dared not swallow one for fear of

the disturbance he might raise in my interior; so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up as beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the key-hole, after I had locked the door. Just outside my window I found a tin water-spout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down, one by one—one hundred and two of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight, I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked if I would have some more. May he never know the internal pang he inflicted upon me; but I answered calmly:

“Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful.”

ANON.

A LOST SOUL

IT is an exquisite June night. The moon, which out in the country is pouring its flood of silver light on broad dewy fields, shines down just as placidly on Drury Lane, with its knots of quarrelling women and brawling men. At the corner of one of the courts a man and woman are standing. His rough, coarse face is quivering, his grimy hands clutch the girl's thin shoulder almost fiercely in its emotion.

The lamp over the public-house throws its glare on her face with its gleaming eyes and quivering mouth.

“Sal! Sal!” cries the man. “You can't go and throw me over now, after all this time. . . . Say that 'twas only a joke . . . that you'll stick by me still, Sal.”

“Jim, I must! I ain't been a good lot, Jim, and I promised the Sergeant.”

"Promised the Sergeant," growls the man, with an oath. "What business has he to come between you and me?—curse him. We was 'appy till a month ago, till them (——) 'owlers got 'old of yer, and stuffed yer with rubbish about yer soul, and going to 'ell, and ——"

"No, no, Jim! Don't say that . . . it ain't true . . . I see what a wicked girl I've been, but now, Jim, it's all gone—the sin. Jim, it's such peace, and I so 'appy; but oh, Jim!" . . . wistfully stretching out her hands to him, "if only you 'ad it too. . . ."

"Sal, yer can't love me, no . . . not as I love you. . . . D'ye think I could be 'appy if I know'd yer wasn't with me? . . . I'd rather go to 'ell along o' you, my gal, than to 'eaven with the finest lady in the land! Don't leave me, Sal; I can't do without yer; I must go to the bad. Think what yer givin' up, my girl. We was always 'appy in our little 'ome, though 'twas only a garret; but we had each other, 'adn't we? . . . Now, you'll 'ave no one of your own to care for yer . . . ye'll 'ave to live in a barricks and go about marchin' 'ere, there, and heverywhere till yer drop . . . and wot for? . . . yer knows the lane, and yer knows me and the pals, but yer can't say certain anythink arter. . . . Sal, d'yer think if the God them chaps jaw about lived up there, 'e could look down at the lane, and see them poor little kids, and be 'appy? No, Sal, no; 'tain't worth it. Come back to me, I'll keep straight and true. . . ."

"Jim, dear, I can't; don't talk so; I do luv yer, but I see how wicked I've been, and I ain't my own to do wot I like with no longer. The Sergeant says I must give myself up altogether."

He looked hard into her face. . . . "Then yer gives me up, Sal?—well, lass I'd have stuck to yer thro' thick and thin. . . . But yer know yer own way best. . . . Save yer soul if yer like, but ye'll damn me."

He catches the girl roughly to him for one second—then throws her from him, and crossing the road disappears into the gin palace opposite.

For one moment she hesitates, and seems about to rush after him, but then murmuring, "No; the Lord will save 'im too"—and then she wandered down the street.

Adapted.

TWO OF A KIND

PATRICK O'MARS, a private in the Ninth Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment, and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me wife is sick and the children are not well, and if ye didn't moind she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes, and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised a rumpus whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Pat's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to ye?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was niver married in me loife."

ANON.

THE PIE IN THE OVEN

AS his spouse entered the kitchen, Mr John M'Nab, seated in his arm-chair, turned a lowering countenance from the bright fire—

"Where the mischief hae ye been?" he demanded crossly; "are we tae hae nae supper the nicht?"

"I was jist at the gate lookin' tae see if I couldna hear Flora comin' up the road wi' the constable."

"Tits, Susie, can ye no ca' him polisman an' be done wi' it?"

"Flora likes us tae ca' him constable."

He proceeded to relight his pipe. "Weel," he said, "did ye hear the polisman comin' up the road?"

"Na, John."

"But in that case he'll no' be within a mile o' the hoose, so we'd best tak' oor supper, you an' me. I haena had a proper meal the day. A body wud think ye was tryin' tae starve me."

"Havers, man, we canna tak' oor supper afore Flora an' the constable comes."

"What wey that?"

"Come, John, ye ken fine what's bringin' the constable, decent lad, here the nicht. Ye needna pretend. I wish ye wud gie him a chance this time. He's bashfu' and backward in comin' forward, it's jist

his modesty ; but ye'll gie him a wee bit encouragement tae say his say, eh, John?"

"D'ye think I'm gaun tae let the man imagine I'm wantin' tae get quit o' Flora, the only bairn we've got left? No' likely."

"Flora's willin' and so am I, and so are you, John, if ye wad but confess it yoursel'."

"If Peter Duff wants Flora, he can ask for her like a man. What hae ye got in the oven, wife?"

"Oh, jist a pie."

"A pie!"—sniff—sniff—"that's guid. Is't ready, Susie?"

"Ay, it's ready, but it'll keep till they come."

"But I want my supper noo," he declared ; "I'm terrible hungry."

"I'm sure they'll no' be lang," she replied. "Maybe the constable'll no' be sae bashfu' the nicht."

"Bah! the man hasna the pluck o' a hen."

"Well, promise ye'll gie him a chance. Three times has he come here tae ask ye for Flora."

"An' sat like a stuffed owl till it was time tae gang tae oor beds."

"I dinna wonder at him no' sayin' muckle, for ye put the fear o' death into the man. If ye wad gie him a bit hint that ye ken what brings him. It's got tae be settled the nicht."

"They're footerin' awa at the gate. I suppose he's feer't tae come in. I micht as weel get oot the pie an' we'll be ready tae mak' a start."

"Ye'll leave the pie whaur it is, ma man. I'm no gaun tae be affronted in ma ain hoose."

"D'ye think I'm gaun tae be starved in ma ain hoose? What's wrang wi' haein' oor supper first an' then I'll hear what Duff has got to say?"

"Wheesht, man, wheesht! I hear them coming."

"Gang ben, Peter."

"But I doot it's ower late. I'll bid ye guid nicht, Flora."

Mrs M'Nab flew to the door. "Come awa ben, Maister Duff. We're rale glad to see ye. Kin' o' cauld the nicht, is it no'?"

"Ay, it's kin' o' cauld, as ye say. It is that. Ay, it's kin' o' cauld. Ay, I hope ye're weel, Maister M'Nab?"

"Sit doon, sit doon," he said shortly, and turned to his daughter. "Ye're late, lassie."

"It's time I was gettin' doon the road."

"Hoots, Maister Duff, ye maun bide an' tak' a bit o' supper wi' us."

"Aw thenk ye, but I'd best be gettin' doon the road."

"If he wants tae gang," said Flora, "let him gang."

"Sit doon, man," thundered Mr M'Nab. "Ye'll be fair famishin', Maister Duff?"

"Me! Aw, as sure's death, Maister M'Nab, I couldna eat a bite."

"Come awa, Flora," said Mr M'Nab, "ye'll fin' the pie in the oven. See here, Susie, I'm famishin'."

"Patience, patience;" she said mildly, "John, you an' Maister Duff can hae a smoke an' a crack till I come back."

She went quickly from the room. A groan came from the constable.

"Eh, did you speak?"

"Na, oh, no-no."

"I thocht ye was maybe tryin' for tae say something. It's been a fine day. I'm saying it's been a fine day."

"Ay, so it has."

"If ye're cauld, draw in tae the fire," said the host.

"Aw thenk ye," said Peter, wiping his brow.

"Dod, ye're sweetin, man."

"Ay, am sweetin'."

Now its comin', thought Mr M'Nab.

"I was gaun tae ask ye."

"I am listenin', Maister Duff."

"I was gaun tae ask ye."

"Weel, what is it?"

"It was aboot that coo o' yours that was badly. The coo's deid, man, an' the pigs——"

"Ach, man, haud yer tongue and gie yer brain a rest."

Mrs M'Nab came briskly into the kitchen and had a look into the oven. "If the pie's ruined I suppose it canna be helped."

"Aw," said the constable, "is that a pie?"

"Man, can ye no' smell it. Does it smell burnin' or singein', Susie?"

"The pie's burnin'. Aweel, I canna help that."

Flora came to the kitchen and had a look in the oven. "Na, its no' burnin' yet."

"Guidsake, are we tae wait till it's burnt?"

She fled from the kitchen.

Mr M'Nab shouted, "Tell yer mither if she disna gie me my supper I—I'll kill somebody." He went to the door and shouted, "Susie, Susie."

Flora flew to Peter and whispered, "For ony favour be a man."

The door was slammed and the two were left alone.

"Aff wi' yer buits, Maister Duff, or leave this hoose for ever; ask nae questions noo. Gosh, but I've an appetite. Piff, but it's het. Hurry up, Duff."

"Ye're no' for eatin' the pie, are ye?"

"Jist what I'm gaun tae dae. Ye'll eat yer share, my lad. Gang ower tae the dresser and get twa plates."

Peter took down a couple of plates, at the same time disturbed something on the dresser—a large rolling-pin.

"Oh, ye great goat!"

Mrs M'Nab appeared. "Oh, is that what yer after, ma man."

"I think I'd best be gettin' awa."

"No' likely."

"Let him gang," said M'Nab, "it's a' his faut."

She raised the pie above her head. "If ye let him gang, I'll drop it."

She carried the pie to the oven. "John, will ye gie the man a chance noo?"

"Never; I'll starve first."

"Maister M'Nab," said Peter.

"What the mischief dae ye want?"

"Oh, naething; I jist want—I jist want Flora."

"Guidsake, man, what wey did ye no' say that at first? Here, Flora, Susie. Something has happened."

Ere they arrived he was conveying the pie to the table. "Flora, tak' him, he's yours; and the pie, praise heaven, is mine. Never heed, auld wife, ye got the best o' me, but what's the odds as lang's we're happy. Wha' says pie?"

His wife held up her hand. "Wheesht, John; ask a blessin'."

J. J. BELL.

By arrangement with the Author.

ON THE TRAM CAR

THE sun shone bright from a clear, blue sky. Everybody hurried busily by. The street cars glided along. I was just in time to swing on. Once on the platform, without thinking, I gave the conductor my fare, went forward and was soon wrapped in thought. In a few minutes the conductor came.

"Fare, please," he said in an authoritative tone.

"I paid you," said I, feeling hesitatingly in my pocket at the same time.

"I know you did," was the conductor's sarcastic reply.

Not being quite sure I paid him again. In a few

minutes he came back and returned it to me. He saw by the register that he had taken it before.

"I got your fare twice," he said, apologetically.

"I thought you did. But it's all right," said I.

He stood by me, telling me how such mistakes will sometimes occur.

"Yes, that is so. No matter. It's all right," said I.

A stranger came forward from the back of the car and dropped into a seat next to me. His face wore a sure-to-carry-conviction, want-to-right-a-wrong kind of an air.

"Such mistakes will sometimes happen," he said.

"That's all right. No harm done," said I.

"You see, I didn't notice where you got on," the conductor then said. "After I collected from you, I began to think possibly I had got it before. The other day a lady got on the car and handed me her fare; it was in the afternoon, I don't remember just what day; now, let me see——"

"That's all right," said I, "mistakes are bound to occur."

"Even the best business houses sometimes make mistakes," said a stout man, turning around from the seat in front. "Now, I know a case——"

"This really didn't make any difference," interrupted I. "I couldn't remember at first whether or not I had paid my fare. I didn't want to quarrel about it, so I paid him again."

"Yes," said the stout stranger, "mistakes are bound to occur."

"What is the matter?" said a sympathetic gentleman behind me; "I saw you pay your fare."

"Oh, nothing at all," said I; "I paid him my fare."

"It's a natural mistake," said the sympathetic gentleman; "they are bound to occur."

"Yes, it's all right," said I; "they are bound to occur."

Then a slim, gaunt-looking man, seated at my left

side, turned toward me with an earnest, clear-it-all-away, hear-me-talk, student-like air :

"I guess the conductor did not mean anything. Mistakes will sometimes occur. Last week, for instance, I——"

"That's all right, gentlemen," I said with a sigh. "I must get off here. Good-day. Mistakes are bound to occur."

I walked up and boarded another car.

ANON.

PAT AND THE MAYOR

AN Irishman named Patrick Maloney, recently landed, called upon the mayor to see if he could give him a position on the police force. The mayor, thinking he would have some fun with him, said :

"Before I can do anything for you, you will have to pass a Civil Service examination."

"Ah, dthin," said Pat, "and pfhat is the Civil Service?"

"It means that you must answer three questions I put to you, and if you answer them correctly I may be able to place you."

"Well," said Pat, "I think I can answer dthim if they're not too hard."

"The first question is, 'What is the weight of the moon?'"

"Ah, now, how can I tell you that? Shure and I don't know."

"Well, try the second one, 'How many stars are in the sky?'"

"Now you're pokin' fun at me. How do I know how many stars there are in the shky?"

"Then try the third question, and if you answer it correctly I'll forgive you the others, 'What am I thinking of?'"

"Pfhath are you thinkin' of? Shure, how can any man tell what you politicians are thinkin' about. Bedad, I don't belave you know pfhath you're thinkin' about yourself. I guess I'll be lookin' for work ilsewhere, so good-day to you!"

The mayor called Pat back and told him not to be discouraged, but to go home and think about it, and if on the morrow he thought he could answer the questions to come down again and he would give him another chance.

So Pat went home and told his brother Mike about it, whereupon Mike said:

"Now you give me dthim clothes of yours and I'll go down and answer his questions for him."

So next morning Mike went down bright and early, and the mayor recognising Patrick as he thought, said:

"Ah, good morning, Patrick. Have you really come back to answer those three questions I put to you yesterday?"

"Yis, I have."

"Well, the first question is, 'What is the weight of the moon?'"

"The weight of the moon is one hundred pounds, twenty-five pounds to each quarther, four quarthers make one hundred."

"Capital, Patrick, capital! Now the second question is, 'How many stars are in the sky?'"

"How many shtars are in the shky? There are four billion, sivin million, noine hundred and thirty-two tousand and one."

"Splendid, Patrick, splendid. Now look out for the last question, which is, 'What am I thinking of?'"

"Pfhath are you thinkin' of? Well, I know pfhath you're thinkin' of. You're thinkin' I'm Pat, but you're tirribly mistakin'; *I'm his brother Mike?*"

ANON.

MILITARY DISTINCTION

"THE old-time southerner may be a good democrat, both with the big 'd' and the small one," remarked a New York business man, who had just returned from a trip to North Carolina, "but he dearly loves a military title.

"I have a lively recollection of meeting a nice old gentleman in the Pine Tree state, who was introduced to me as 'Major' So and So.

"'A Confederate veteran, I suppose, sir,' I observed wanting to be polite. *

"'No, sah,' was the answer. 'Do not have the honah, sah.'

"'Er—perhaps you fought somewhere else then?' I ventured.

"'Suttenly not. Nevah was in no war, sah.'

"'I understand, major,' I cried, brightening. 'Of course, you're an officer of the national guard. Possibly you have served on the governor's staff.'

"'You're wrong, sah. Know nothin' about soldierin', sah.'

"'In that case would you mind telling me how you got that title?' I asked, bewildered.

"'Ah married a majah's widow, sah,' pompously replied the southerner."

Adapted.

THE BEST ARTIST

A STORY is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come, finally, to the father, he promised to give his child

to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command.

One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture! We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill in fruit manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greater artist.

R. M.

INFORMATION WANTED

EARLY one morning in the City of London a man was vainly trying to find his home, but being unable to locate it he called upon the services of a passer-by. "Hey, m-m-mister (hic), will you take me to twenty-two?"

"Number twenty—Why you are standing right in front of it!"

"Oh, no, you d-d-don't—that's two-two, two-two!"

"Why, no, it's twenty-two."

"Say, you can't fool me. 'Nuther fellow tried to d-d-do that. He-he-he told me the other side of the street was (hic) on this side—an' 'tisen't—s-sit's over there. Please t-t-take me (hic) to twenty-two, will you?"

The man walked him around the block and back again.

"Now, then, get out your key. I must be going."

"Say, it was m-m-mighty (hic) jolly of you to bring me all this l-l-long way ho-ho-home, old chap!"

"That's all right. Now get your key—hurry up."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing me all this long way ho-ho-home."

"That's all right. I must go now. Good-night."

The man had walked but a little distance when he heard his friend trying to whistle to him.

"Hey! (*Tries to whistle*). C-co-come here, I want ter speak to you. Now d-d-don't get mad (hic), old chap, it's important."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I just want to (hic) tell you how much obliged I'm to you for bringing me all this long way home."

"You had better go to bed now, so good-night."

"Hold up, old chap, you're a-a-a—would you mind telling me what your name is?"

Here the clock in St Paul's struck two.

"My name—is St Paul."

"Good enough, Miss Saint 'All. Much obliged to you for bring—me——"

"Never mind, good-night."

"Hey! Hi! (*Tries to whistle*). Mister Saint 'All—Miss Saint P-all, co-co-come here, I want to ask (hic) you something."

"What!"

"Old f-f-friend, I d-d-d-d-didn't mean that, Misser

Saint Faull,—I just want to ask you a persh-pershonal question, Mis-Mis——”

“Well, what is it?”

“Misser Saint Paul, would you mind telling me whether you ever got answers to those letters you wrote to the Ephesians?”

A. BAIRD (*adapted*).

A GOOD DEED

MAYN'T I stay, ma'am? I'll work, cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands.”

The eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood, one winter's day, at the door of a cottage on a bleak moor in Scotland. The snow had been falling fast, and the poor boy looked cold and hungry.

“You may come in, at any rate, till my husband comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with the cold;” and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open and the husband entered. He looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; nevertheless, he made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept until “to-morrow”; so the couple, after due thought, said that as long as he was a good boy and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day in the middle of winter a pedlar, who often traded at the cottage, called, and after selling his goods said to the woman—

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see."

"Yes; do you know him?"

"He's a gaol-bird!" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced—'Ten months.' You'd do well to look carefully after him."

There was something so dreadful in the word "gaol!" The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the pedlar; nor could she be easy till she had called the boy in, and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history. The boy hung down his head. His cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood, and his lips quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame shaking, "there is no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me: nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go, so young, to prison? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief; "Oh, I hadn't no mother! I hadn't no mother ever since I was a baby! If I had had a mother I wouldn't have been kicked, and cuffed, and horse-whipped. I wouldn't have been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh, if I had only had a mother!"

The woman was a mother; and, though her children slept in the cold churchyard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and said from that time he should find in her a mother.

Yes, she even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child. She poured from her mother's heart sweet, kind words—words of counsel and tenderness. Oh, how sweet was her sleep that night! how soft her pillow! she had plucked some thorns from the path of a sinning but starving child.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His

foster-father is dead, his foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The "poor outcast," the "gaol-bird," is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him!

A. B. (*adapted*).

ELIZA'S ESCAPE

THE frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. The child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep—"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?" "No, my darling; sleep if you want to." "But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?" "No! so may Heaven help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes. "You're sure, ain't you, mother?" "Yes, sure!" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within that was no part of her. An hour before sunset, she entered a village by the Ohio river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side. It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore. Eliza saw at once this must prevent the usual ferry boat from running, and turned into a small public-house on the bank to make a few inquiries. "Take him into this room," said the

hostess, opening into a small bedroom where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thoughts of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty. In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the pursuing party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back—the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door. A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and an instant brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond! The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake — stumbling — leaping — slipping — springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—

her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

Mrs H. BEECHER STOWE.

THE FOUR MISS WILLISES

The *Sketches by Boz* were written (says Dickens) “when I was a very young man, and were put by me on a dark night into a dark letter-box in a dark court in Fleet Street.” Boz was the pet name of the author’s younger brother Moses, which, being pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and so finally settled into Boz.

WHEN the four Miss Willises settled in our parish thirteen years ago they were far from juvenile; and we are bound to state that, thirteen years since, the authorities in matrimonial cases considered the youngest Miss Willis in a very precarious state, while the eldest sister was positively given over, as being far beyond all human hope. Well, the Miss Willises took a lease of the house; it was fresh painted and papered from top to bottom; four trees were planted in the back garden, several small baskets of gravel sprinkled over the front one; vans of elegant furniture arrived; the maid-servants told their “Missises,” the Missises told their friends, and vague rumours were circulated throughout the parish that No. 25 in Gordon Place had been taken by four maiden ladies of immense property.

At last the Miss Willises moved in; and then the “calling” began. The house was the perfection of neatness—so were the four Miss Willises. Everything was formal, stiff, and cold—so were the four Miss Willises. Not a single chair of the whole set was ever seen out of its place—not a single Miss

Willis of the whole four was ever seen out of hers. There they always sat, in the same places, doing precisely the same things at the same hour. The eldest Miss Willis used to knit, the second to draw, the two others to play duets on the piano. They seemed to have no separate existence—the Siamese twins multiplied by two. The eldest Miss Willis grew bilious—the four Miss Willises grew bilious immediately. The eldest Miss Willis grew ill-tempered and theological—the four Miss Willises were ill-tempered and theological directly. Whatever the eldest did the others did, and whatever anybody else did they all disapproved of. Three years passed over in this way when an unlooked for and extraordinary phenomenon occurred. Was it possible? one of the four Miss Willises was going to be married!

Now, where on earth the husband came from, by what feelings the poor man could have been actuated, or by what process of reasoning the four Miss Willises succeeded in persuading themselves that it was possible for a man to marry one of them without marrying them all, are questions too profound for us to resolve: certain it is, however, that the visits of Mr Robinson were received—that the four Miss Willises were courted in due form by the said Mr Robinson—that the neighbours were perfectly frantic in their anxiety to discover which of the four Miss Willises was the fortunate fair one, and that the difficulty they experienced in solving the problem was not at all lessened by the announcement of the eldest Miss Willis—“*We* are going to marry Mr Robinson.”

They were so completely identified the one with the other that the curiosity of the whole row was roused almost beyond endurance. The subject was discussed at every little card-table and tea-drinking. One old gentleman expressed his decided opinion

that Mr Robinson was of eastern descent, and contemplated marrying the whole family at once; and the row generally declared the business to be very mysterious. They hoped it might all end well; it certainly had a very singular appearance, but certainly the Miss Willises were *quite* old enough to judge for themselves, and to be sure people ought to know their own business best.

At last, one fine morning, at a quarter before eight o'clock A.M., two coaches drove up to the Miss Willises' door, at which Mr Robinson had arrived in a cab ten minutes before, his manner denoting a considerable degree of nervous excitement. It was also hastily reported that the cook who opened the door wore a large white bow of unusual dimensions, in a much smarter head-dress than the regulation-cap to which the Miss Willises invariably restricted the somewhat excursive tastes of female servants in general.

It was quite clear that the eventful morning had at length arrived; the whole row stationed themselves behind their first- and second-floor blinds, and waited the result in breathless expectation.

At last the Miss Willises' door opened; the door of the first coach did the same. Two gentlemen, and a pair of ladies to correspond—friends of the family, no doubt; up went the steps, bang went the door, off went the first coach, and up came the second.

The street door opened again; the excitement of the whole row increased—Mr Robinson and the eldest Miss Willis. "I thought so," said the lady at No. 19; "I always said it was *Miss Willis*!" "Well, I never!" ejaculated the young lady at No. 18 to the young lady at No. 17—"Did you ever, dear!" responded the young lady at No. 17 to the young lady at No. 18. "It's too ridiculous!" exclaimed a spinster of an *uncertain* age at No. 16, joining in the conversation. But who shall portray

the astonishment of Gordon Place when Mr Robinson handed in *all* the Miss Willises, one after the other, and then squeezed himself into an acute angle of the coach, which forthwith proceeded at a brisk pace after the other coach, which other coach had itself proceeded at a brisk pace in the direction of the parish church. Who shall depict the perplexity of the clergyman when *all* the Miss Willises knelt down, and repeated the responses incidental to the marriage service in an audible voice—or who shall describe the confusion which prevailed when—even after the difficulties thus occasioned had been adjusted—*all* the Miss Willises went into hysterics at the conclusion of the ceremony!

As the four sisters and Mr Robinson continued to occupy the same house after this memorable occasion, and as the married sister, whoever she is, never appeared in public without the other three, we are not quite clear that the neighbours ever have discovered the real Mrs Robinson.

CHARLES DICKENS.

JEAN VAL JEAN AND THE BISHOP

From *Les Miserables* (abridged)

THE characters introduced here are Jean Val Jean, a liberated convict, who for the petty theft of a loaf of bread, stolen to save his sister from starvation, had endured nineteen years' servitude at the galleys, and the bishop, whose marvellous sympathy and generosity are the means of salvation to Jean Val Jean's warped and fire-hardened soul.

The scene is laid in a little mountain town. The Bishop has just listened to his housekeeper's account of a suspicious-looking stranger in town, and her oft-

repeated plea for more secure locks, when there came a loud knock at the door.

"My name is Jean Val Jean. I am a galley slave. I was liberated four days ago. I have been walking for four days, and to-day I have marched twelve leagues. This evening on coming into the town I went to the inn, but was sent away in consequence of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the police office.

"It was the same everywhere, and no one would have any dealings with me. I went to the prison and the jailer would not take me in. I got into the dog kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off: it seemed to know who I was. I went into the fields to sleep in the starlight, but there were no stars. I was lying down on a stone in the square when a good woman pointed to your house and said, 'Go and knock there!' What sort of a house is this? Do you keep an inn? I have money—one hundred and nine francs, which I earned in my nineteen years' toil. I will pay, for I have money. I am hungry. Will you let me stay here?"

The Bishop turned to his housekeeper and said, "Madame Magloire, you will lay another knife and fork."

"Wait a minute. Did you not hear me say that I was a galley slave?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove. We shall sup directly, sir, and your bed will be ready when you are through supping."

"You really mean that I am to stay? You keep an inn?"

"I am a priest living in this house."

"A priest! Oh, what a worthy priest! I suppose you will not ask me for money."

"No, keep your money. How long did it take you in earning those one hundred and nine francs?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years? Madame Magloire, lay his place as near the fire as you can ; the night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir. This lamp gives a very bad light."

The housekeeper, Madame Magloire, understood, and fetched from the chimney of the Bishop's bedroom two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Monsieur, you are good, and do not despise me. You receive me as a friend and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I come."

"You need not have told me who you were ; this is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has a sorrow."

"Is that true? You know my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother. You have suffered greatly? Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. Listen to me! There will be more joy in heaven over the tearful face of a repentant sinner than a hundred just men."

After supper the Bishop took up one of the silver candlesticks and handed the other to his guest.

"I will lead you to your room, sir."

At the moment they went through the adjoining room to the alcove, where a clean bed was prepared for him, Madame Magloire was putting away the plate in the cupboard over the bedhead ; it was the last thing she did every night before retiring.

"I trust you will pass a good night."

The man did not even take advantage of the clean white sheets. He blew out the candle and threw himself in his clothes upon the bed, where he at once fell into a deep sleep.

As two o'clock pealed from the cathedral bell Jean Val Jean awoke. He had noticed the six

silver forks and spoons and the great ladle which Madame Magloire put on the table.

His mind wavered for a good hour. When three o'clock struck he suddenly sat up, then walked boldly to the alcove. With a crowbar in his right hand and deadening his footsteps, he walked towards the door of the Bishop's room.

Jean Val Jean listened, but there was not a sound. He pushed the door with the tip of his finger lightly.

He waited for a moment and then pushed the door again more boldly. Jean Val Jean advanced cautiously and carefully. He heard from the end of the room the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping Bishop.

Jean Val Jean was standing in the shadow with his crowbar in his hand, motionless and terrified by this luminous old man. No one could have said what was going on within him, not even himself.

It seemed as if he were hesitating between two abysses, and was ready to dash out the Bishop's brains or kiss his hand. The Bishop continued to sleep peacefully beneath this terrific glance.

All at once Jean Val Jean put on his cap again, walked rapidly along the bedside without looking at the Bishop, and hurried across the room, not caring for the noise he made, opened the window, put the silver in his pocket, threw away the basket, leaped into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next morning at sunrise the Bishop was walking around the garden, when the housekeeper came running toward him in a state of great alarm.

"Monseigneur! Monseigneur! Does your grandeur know where the plate basket is?"

"Yes."

"The Lord be praised; I did not know what had become of it."

The Bishop had just picked up the basket in

a flower bed and now handed it to Madame Magloire.

"Here it is."

"Well, there is nothing in it. Where is the plate?"

"Ah, it is the plate that troubles your mind. Well, I do not know where it is."

"It is stolen, and that man who came here last night is the robber. Ah! what an abomination; he has stolen our plate."

"By the way, was that plate ours? Madame Magloire, I had wrongfully held back the silver, which belonged to the poor. Who was this person? Evidently a poor man."

A few minutes later he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Val Jean sat on the previous evening.

There was a loud knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and a strange and violent group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes. The fourth was Jean Val Jean.

The Bishop advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted.

"Ah, there you are! I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are silver and will fetch two hundred francs. Why did you not take them away with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Val Jean opened his eyes and looked at the Bishop with an expression which no human language could render.

"Monseigneur, what this man told us is true, then? We met him, and as he looked as if he was running away we arrested him. He had this plate. In that case we can let him go."

"Of course."

The gendarmes loosened their hold on Jean Val Jean, who tottered backward.

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